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MARCH

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Wed. March 4 **HUNTING PARTY**
Thurs. March 5 **B-SIDE BAND** & guests
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Mon. March 9 **GREEN RIVER** with **WUNDER BRED**
Tues. March 10 **VEXED** with guests
Wed. March 11 **FRED** with **RED HERRING**
Thurs. March 12 **ROOM 9** with **DISAPPEARING**
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Sun. March 15 **SCRAMBLERS** with guests
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Tues. March 17 **ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARTY**
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Fri., Sat. Mar. 20-21 **POISONED** with guests
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Mon. March 23 **JONNE KROM**
Tues. March 24 **T.B.A.**
Wed. March 25 **FAITH NO MORE** with guests
Thurs. March 26 **FAITH NO MORE & SOUND GARDEN & IRON GYPSY**
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Mon., Tues. Mar. 30-31 **UNIT E** with guests

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DISCORDER

That Magazine from CITR fm102 cable100

MARCH 1987 • Vol. V, No. 2 • Issue #50

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CITR-FM broadcasts a 49-watt stereo signal throughout Vancouver on 101.9 FM. But for best reception, you're far better off hooking up your stereo to FM cable. CITR is available at 100.1 FM on Rogers Cable (Lower Mainland) and Shaw Cable (North Shore), but not yet on Western Cable (New Westminster and the Fraser Valley). Call your cable company if you're having reception problems; call us if you're having trouble hooking up.

All inquiries concerning CITR, Discorder or the Mobile Sound System can be directed to station manager Harry Hertscheg. The business line is 228-3017. The CITR request line is 228-2487 or 228-CITR.



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Everything You Wanted To Know, But....

Highlife
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AFRO BEAT
HEADQUARTERS
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CARIBBEAN &
LATIN RECORDS &
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THIS MONTH MARKS the 50th consecutive issue of *Discorder*. Established in February 1983 as a programme guide to CTR Radio, *Discorder* has grown to encompass a broad range of topics that we feel reflect the interests and concerns of those individuals who want more in a monthly music and culture publication than what most media sources are willing to offer. Admittedly, there have been many hits and misses, vehement letters, angry local musicians, sleepless nights and nervous breakdowns as *Discorder* gives birth each month to a new issue that we hope will serve to entertain, inform, amuse, and provoke the reader. *Discorder* sincerely hopes that it has been as much of a stimulating experience for you, and you know who you are, as it has been for us, and we know who we are.

The featured article this month is a compilation of quotes and excerpts from interviews, articles, and letters from the past fifty issues. We felt that this would give the reader a much better idea of what *Discorder* is all about rather than a detailed history of the why's, and what for's of its raison d'être. After all, it has been only fifty issues and what with the *Georgia Straight* over one thousand and C-FOX radio twenty years old, we've still got a long way to go!

Shriekback is one music group whose career *Discorder* has followed with avid interest. The first Shriekback feature appeared in March 1983, and this month they are on our pages for the third time. CTR music director Don Chow interviewed Barry Andrews when the group played in Vancouver late last year, and Robert Shea wrote the story that follows them as they go madly up the mainstream.

Also featured this month is a very funny expose on the visit to Vancouver of that crazy TV preacher Ernest Angely, with text and illustrations by M. Grimshaw and R. Filbrandt. On an irreligious note is an introduction to the Church of Our Lady of Discord and the upcoming visit of Robert Anton Wilson, Discordian philosopher and co-author of the *Illuminatus! Trilogy*. This month also sees the return of *The Roving Ear*, where London freelance writer Afshin Rattansi diagnoses the local music scene in that city of cities. Mark Mushet also once again graces these pages with his *stream of vitriolic contempt* — yes, that right, he has his own column, so watch out Doug Collins! Finally, Marsha Harris writes to us

again in an essay of personal perspectives called *Black is Beautiful; Why Isn't It Politically Correct?*

All of this, and more in *Discorder's* 50th issue. So read on!

BEHIND THE DIAL

- CTR is celebrating the 50th issue of *Discorder* by presenting a *Bzzr and Garden Party*, Tuesday March 3rd in the Student Union Building, rooms 207-209, at UBC from 2:45pm to 6pm. Free entertainment provided by special guests *Omnisquid*, *Sleepy Boy Floyd*, *Abnormally High Operating Temperature*, and *The Evaporators*.
- On Friday, March 6th, CTR is opening its doors to the public from 10am to 3pm as part of the UBC Open House. Come and see what really goes on behind the dials.
- That very same day starting at 8pm, CTR presents *Go Four 3* with special guests *Stubborn Blood* and *The Rainwalkers* at the UBC SUB Ballroom. This will be *Go Four 3's* last local appearance before heading to Los Angeles for a short tour. It's an all ages gig and advance tickets are available at Zulu, Odyssey, and the AMS Box Office.
- You know those plastic floppy one play only records found in some guitar magazines? Well, *Discorder's* doing one better. Four better in fact. In the April issue of *Discorder* will be four *Do-It-Yourself* tape releases. The only catch is that you have to record them yourself off CTR, mastered on your home cassette decks, as the local bands play their one take albums live in the studio. The show is on April 1st with four *Do-It Yourself* tape releases on the same night. *Red Herring*, *Stubborn Blood*, *The Hip Type*, and *Terminal City* will be broadcasting from 6pm to midnight live at the fifth anniversary party of CTR. Each band will do 25-minute sets with a break for the next band to set up: a recording project every hour and one half. Distributing the cassette covers of these bands free with *Discorder* and the music through the radio creates an alternative recording, manufacturing and distribution system affordable to any musician and accessible to any listener. Listen to CTR for more information.

The Editor

CJBS Presents
Contemporary Jazz Legend

DAVE HOLLAND Quintet



Steve Coleman
Kenny Wheeler
Marvin "Smitty" Smith
Robin Eubanks
"That Dave, he's a bitch."
—Miles Davis

Mon. Apr. 6 • 8 pm
Vancouver East
Cultural Centre

Tickets: \$12 Advance/\$14 Door
Available: V.E.C.C., Black Swan,
High Life, Sikora's

Reservations: 254-9578
Information: 682-0706

*CITR-FM & DISORDER in association with
CJIV-FM*

ARE PROUD TO PRESENT

• A BRITISH SHOWCASE •

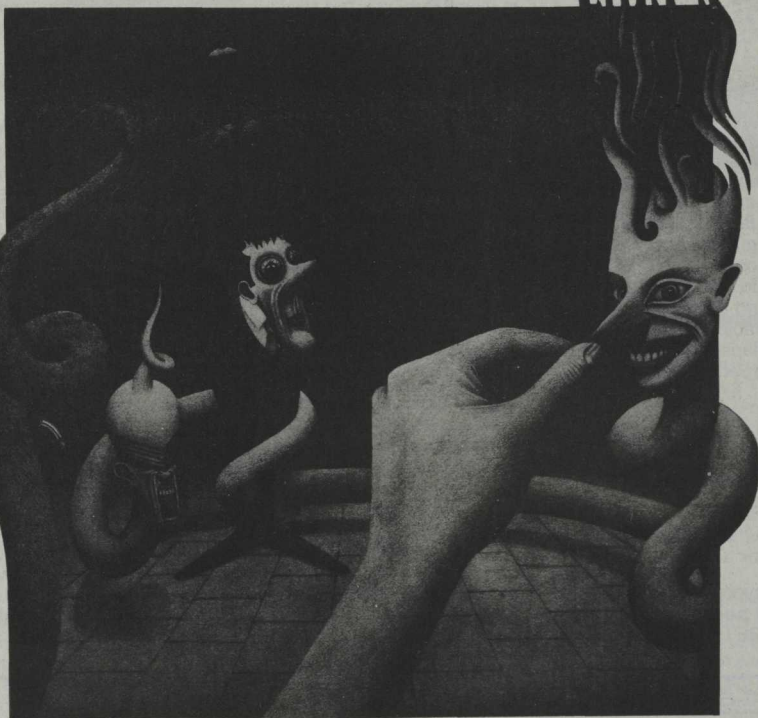
THE CHAMELEONS UK

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the mighty lemon drops

Special Guests
from Seattle
at 9 P.M.!
PURE JOY
and locals
A MERRY COW

A TIMBRE PRODUCTION



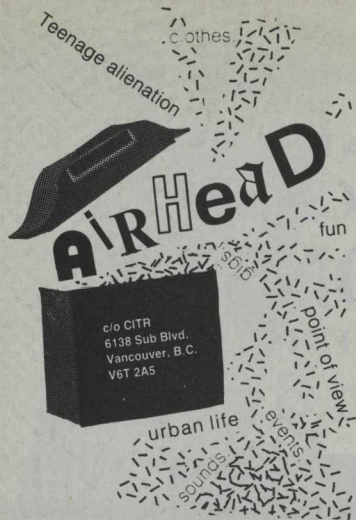
Friday March 13 • 1987

Advance Tickets ► CBO/VTC 501 W. Georgia St.
Most Major Malls, Odyssey Imports, Zulu Records,
Track Records, Highlife Records, Black Swan Records
as well as

MARCH
7 from San Francisco
9 P.M.
UNTIL DECEMBER
20/21 DELBERT
McCLINTON

T ————— H ————— E
TOWN PUMP
G A S T O W N • 6 8 3 • 6 6 9 5

MARCH
23 AIRTO
&
FLORA PURIM
featuring
JOSE NETO



PATRON GRATITUDE

Dear Airhead,

To the person or persons involved with the bringing out of such acts as *The Chameleons*, *Mighty Lemon Drops*, and previously, *The Jazz Butcher* and *Gene Loves Jezebel*: we are grateful to you. It seems we've waited so long for *The Chameleons* and were about to give up. The fact that they're performing at the Town Pump is even more preferable because of its size. In the future, perhaps you could persuade *The Monochrome Set*?

Anxious

You may thank the people at Timbre Productions for bringing these and many other fine groups to Vancouver. As for *The Monochrome Set*, alas, they are no longer.

POINT

Dear Airhead,

Reading your synopsis of 1986 from my extraterrestrial perspective, I had to wonder, IS THERE LIFE ON EARTH?, or

just a bunch of stale, stupid, dying robot dinosaurs. Obviously, as your magazine points out, there are some redeeming virtues of life on your little mudball, but they are sometimes rather hard to find.

According to reliable sources, there is apparently reason for hope. One of those sources will be coming to your town soon. His basic message, on which he will elaborate considerably, is THINK FOR YOURSELF, QUESTION AUTHORITY. Only through commitment to this difficult process is it possible to begin to perceive reason or unreason for hope in your troubled world, where most people are not very different from sheep or monkeys.

Do not believe any system which tells you it has the answer; it is sterile, dead and dangerous. Do not even believe this letter, but DO come to hear Robert Anton Wilson's presentation *The New Inquisition* at the New York Theatre, 639 Commercial Drive, March 20 at 8pm. Unless you want to become premature compost in the drastic renovations that your planet is about to undergo, that is.

While Wilson purports to be a middle aged White Anglo Saxon Pagan, he is actually a time travelling anthropologist from the 23rd century. Do not believe anything he says until you can prove it to your own satisfaction.

a public service announcement
from the **Doggiez of Sirius**

COUNTERPOINT

Dear Airhead,

The Vancouver Flat Earth Society urges your readers to boycott the March 20 and 21 Vancouver appearances of Robert Anton Wilson, since it may be dangerous to their mental health to do otherwise. Wilson himself has admitted that he was hired by the CIA in the late sixties to write a series of books undermining the morals and sanity of America's young people.

Jari Fellwall and Reynald Reagent, two eminent local authorities on these matters have investigated this man's work and

have pronounced it "dangerous - corrosive to moral fibre." They go on to point out that Wilson encourages people to think for themselves, which is extremely undesirable in a society where many people are already unemployable as a result of this kind of activity.

Please pass on this most urgent warning to your readers, that they may be saved from this peril.

God bless America,
Flat Earth Society Executive

Discorder, being a god-fearing publication that purports to uphold the morals and ethics as decreed by the divine right of the leaders of the world, does take responsibility for not having anything to do with the fabrication of the letters published in the *Airhead* column, but does claim a complete lack of irresponsibility in printing them.

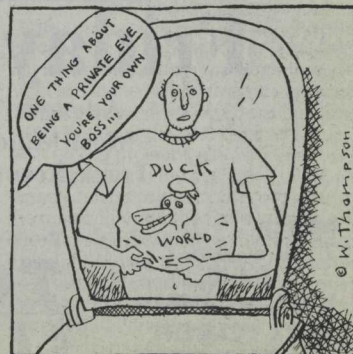
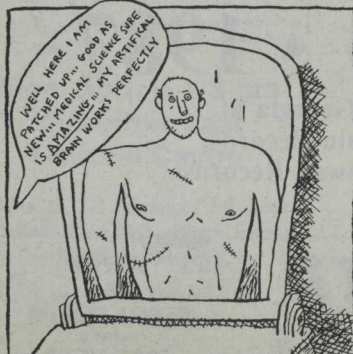
LETTER OF THE MONTH

Airhead,

What a rag *Discorder* is. Each article sounds so much like all the others, each page so much like the other pages. "See the *Discorder* writers; admire their hip humour; enjoy their acidic railery." One can only be impressed by such fine, angry young men, such winsome, flighty young women.

Your January issue cultivates a visionary portrait of the time (see modish Mark Mushet) and of the people in it (Iain Bowman's Everyman struggle with the Sunday a.m. DTs). Your collective reviews of the year, in which you each contribute personal slices of the best music styles, sounds, gigs, clothes, events, artists, and bands; that together make up the perfect picture of what is right and wrong in the world, are interchangeable and disposable. All your detached but passionate trampling of old styles, and detached but passionless exulting of the new, is pathetically the same - and from people who pre-

CHAPTER - FIVE



© W. Thompson

CITR & AMS CONCERTS PRESENT:

GO FOUR 3

SUB BALLROOM, UBC

FRIDAY
MARCH 6

WITH
STUBBORN BLOOD
AND
RAINWALKERS

TICKETS \$5 ADVANCE / \$7 DOOR
AVAILABLE AT ZULU DISORDER, AMS
BOX OFFICE DOORS 8 P.M.

ALL AGES WELCOME

tend to have such original taste. The trendies who you despise pursue their trends, oddly enough, because they like the latest fashions. What difference is there between their like of something, for its being fashionable, and your hate of something, for the same reason? And if you discredit something for its popularity (all REM-sounding bands), of what value is your crediting something? You are all too busy looking around you, to see who of the crowd is watching, to have any true opinion of anything.

There is, then, a common problem, or grievance, with the general tone of some of your more prominent articles. I feel that you have not learned an important fact that the poorest decoration you can award yourself is the bloody strip you have torn off someone else. That the attitude others will appreciate most in you is your dedication to improving the expression and originality of your own thoughts and ideas. Be sensitive to the goals, ideas, and intentions of others. Believe that others are acting — just as you are — by following the values and principles that they have weighed and found worthy and which they intend to live consistently with. No appreciation of art, or even fashion (from which art sometimes springs) is objective. One opinion counts for as much as any other. No matter how much you denigrate and attack the 'other side' (represented by uncaring governments, overblown world

fairs, overweight, VCR-buying parents), they can attack you similarly by destroying their image of you in their eyes. You both have access to the same tactics. But the ease with which you mutually tear at each other is no measure of your respective worth, ability, creativity, enthusiasm, discernment, or fulfillment of your principles. The facility with which you handle destructive criticism is evidence of your lack of purpose, appreciation, and original ideas.

My message then is to suggest you quit your rigid pose; abandon your self-deforming self-consciousness. See all things, mundane or great, without considering the valuation of society. Do not let your society's judgement force you into any immediate and opposite reaction. Try asserting to yourself this principle. There are some good things in the world, and these things stay good regardless of their source. In fact, predicting a source of good is a difficult and treacherous activity. Difficult because good can come from the most unlikely sources. And treacherous because dogmatic decisions about what is an acceptable — and what is not an acceptable — source of good can be wrong and cause one to miss much.

For instance, I, with great exertion, apply these principles to the *Discorder*. I keep an open mind and respect your intentions. And I do find something to appreciate. In *Armchair Eye* I agree that the sight of the space shuttle challenger effervescing in

the blue sky over Florida is the most powerful image of the year and decade. The earth is a floor mat. Our stepping off it is our best effort, the realisation of our grandest dreams, our highest skill and dedication. The annihilation, with it, of the seven astronauts who were some of the scientist and engineers involved in designing it, applying it, and building it, was terrible because the shuttle was the work of their own hands. It was also the will of our dreams.

Our best efforts are often doomed. In the case of the shuttle, the failings were peculiarly human: too much ambition, lack of preparation, lapse of precaution, and the inevitable insufficient foresight. If our greatest resolves are subject to these, are pulled down and blasted by these, should we not forgive, or look beyond them, when we detect such failings in the petty and forced efforts of our local and everyday life? You forced me to write.

T. Crutch

*Thanks, we needed that. Growing up is hard to do, especially when under the scrutiny of so many people. Hopefully we won't become too self-conscious about it though and still offer readers such as yourself the opportunity to compose such articulate and passionate letters about *Discorder's* shortcomings. Now, you seem to have all the answers, would you care to write for this rag?*

50 issues, and it still makes no cents

And perhaps that is why *Discorder* remains after four years of publication the irreverent rag that readers love to hate. Like CITR, the UBC radio station that established *Discorder* as its program guide, the magazine's only mandate is to offer an alternative to what the intrepid investigator might otherwise find in the local media. To *Discorder*, nothing is sacred except for the freedom and the will of the individual to express him or herself. And sometimes not even that.

The following is a collection of quotes and excerpts from interviews, articles, and letters printed in *Discorder* over its last fifty issues. It is not an attempt to define *Discorder*; it is merely an opportunity to show that these people, like you and me, are trying to think for themselves and in doing so are endeavouring to make some sense out of this nonsensical, wonderful world we live in. And you can't put a price on that!

IN THE BEGINNING

February 1983: *Discorder* hits the streets. Several people injured.

All of us at Point Grey's finest radio station are pleased to present *Discorder*. Caution, though! *Discorder* is not meant to be taken on its own. Chances are that if this mag is read in its entirety by a non-listener, terrible things might happen: bewilderment, nausea, or even death. For this reason we advise that *Discorder* be cut with 100% pure CITR. Simple... so what is *Discorder*? Why does a radio station put out a program guide? Essentially to improve communication, and isn't that what radio is all about? By improving communication, everyone benefits.

Mike Mines
Discorder editor

...AND THIS IS WHAT THEY HAD TO SAY

- CITR is killing music.
- play some normal music, assholes.
- sack all your DJs.
- do something about those few undynamic DJs — use whoopee cushions!
- you hate more than you love.
- get this shit off the air.

CITR Listener Survey
June 1983

SICK OF SHIT?

Overheard on CJOR's "The Dave Barrett Show", July 26, 1985

The Host: Dave Abbott

The Topic: Music

Caller: Now I know there's other factors, but this CITR is sick. It is... I can't believe it... is this a UBC station?

Abbott: Yes.

Caller: I cannot believe that UBC would allow something like that to come over their airwaves. Have you ever listened to CITR?

Abbott: I have not. No.

Caller: You haven't lived until you have... I mean, if you could stomach it, you should listen to it.

Abbott: Okay love. I'll try to make a point of doing so.



OH, SO THAT'S WHAT IT IS!

What we do is not music. There is too much music in the world. What we are going to do tonight is not fashion. It's not product. It is the language of the heart and it is the beauty of ordinary things.

David Thomas at The Town Pump
May 1986

What we are is a mixture of punk ideals, hi-tech music, and dance-groove a la Kraftwerk, Suicide; all of those things put together and played on very simple instruments. It's very pounding and repetitive and schizophrenic: one minute it's seducing you and the next minute it's freaking you out.

The Woodentops
August 1986

The music itself involves stealing from blues, punk, country, R&B, garage rock, stuff, things, whatever we can pick up. It's not even a collage; it's a gumbo sort of thing where you just throw in everything, cook it up, and hope it tastes better than it did separately.

Deja Voodoo
November 1984

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

We were going over all these names, and we said "Let's put all our names together" and we laughed; but then we did it and it sounded like "Bolero Lava", so we kept it. Plus with "Bolero" you have your classical romantic piece by Ravel, you have your dance and you have the bolero jacket, so you have romance, music, and clothes. What more could you want out of life?

Vanessa Richards
May 1984

We're the Zealots. Thousands of years ago, there was a group of people at a place called Masada who committed mass suicide rather than be captured by the invading Roman army. They were the original Zealots, or religious fanatics, and we admire them. So don't fuck with us, or we'll kill ourselves.

Peter Mitchell
January 1986

SEX & DRUGS & ROCK & ROLL

We just looked at each other one day while rehearsing and said to ourselves, we'd rather be working on our bikes. We couldn't do the amount of drugs we wanted and be a band, so we ended up doing the drugs.

Paul McKenzie on The Enigmas
December 1986

The thing that holds this band together is that we're basically all goofs.

Andy Kerr of NoMeansNo
August 1984

Like all great bands, we were really awful sometimes.

Art Bergmann on Los Populares
July 1984

Judas Priest are great... everyone should see them live. It's hilarious watching all those heavy metal greaseballs punching air to Hellbent on Leather. Especially when you consider that they'd freak out if they knew half the band was homosexual.

Jay of My Three Sons
January 1985

JUST SEX

The misogyny that is so evident in Disorder only serves to turn people away from CITR — people who otherwise might be interested in alternative music. Almost all of the albums mentioned in Disorder are from all-male bands. Most of the writing is by men and about men. Females are rarely mentioned and if they are it's usually a put-down to build up the ego of the writer.

Airhead
December 1984

...Sisters, if you present yourselves to the world as "Woman," subjugating self and basing decisions on genitalia, you're simply perpetuating the very bondage that has been used to separate, classify and contain women and men for thousands of years... when will we grow beyond division?

Airhead
January 1985

...obviously the whole world is dominated by 'male' attitudes, including the music community. There is definitely a larger percentage of men working in the music community; I know of only two female sound technicians in Vancouver, and most band members are male as well. I don't let all of this 'male' attitude dominate me or my life by not playing the role of the helpless little girl, but by being, acting, looking and thinking the way I want. Society is still saying, "Women, shave your legs, look like this image of woman, beauty only looks like this, you want to be beautiful, get a man before it's too late!" All of that is harming the way men and women deal with each other and themselves. We have to stop checking who has a penis and who has a vagina and maybe we can just be people and stop segregating ourselves from each other and stop creating differences where there aren't any.

Emily
September 1985

If men and women were abolished tomorrow, I'd be joyfully happy. 'Cause the fact that you have a penis or a vulva as being intrinsic to your identity is weird to me. It's like having black or blonde hair as being intrinsic to your identity. It's depressing because it's so primitive. And it's the basis of a lot of political things that happen. The politics of a man and a woman, when I come down on a woman, when instead of dealing with her as a person, treat her as a thing to be controlled, and dominated, and owned, I'm doing the same thing as Reagan, and the leaders in Russia, or dictators around the world are doing with everyone. It's the same spirit. And if people don't deal with that in their own lives, you could talk for years about political solutions and it wouldn't mean a thing. If you're a fascist in your own life, you can vote Democrat, call yourself a socialist, but you're still a fuckin' fascist.

Rob Wright of NoMeansNo
August 1984

NUKE THE POLITICIANS

I found Reagan's ranch house to be similar to any expensive summer cottage, except that midget wrestling photos adorned the walls.

Roving Ear
October 1986

As long as that bastard's alive, he is on the wall. He has long claws. Because nobody else cares, and he does care. You see a man who cares? George Bush is nothing. He doesn't care about anything at all. He's just a lizard who got too fat in the sun. Reagan's an actor and they're evil people, you've got Meese in there, but nobody else cares like Richard Nixon cares. You laugh now, but you'll see — the mother will be with us. I'd make him a winter book 18-1 favourite, despite all the laws.

Hunter S. Thompson
July 1986

People work. Not democracy. Democracy is ideology, just like religion, just like communism, just like theocracy, just like anarchy.

Mutabaruka
August 1985

And the issues are much bigger than the individual people and individual issues brought up in this case. We're defending and campaigning for a lifestyle that we think offers some kind of future for everybody in the world as opposed to the future that is presented by someone that would actively engage in manufacturing weapons. There's no future in that. People have got to realize that. Either human life is going to be the most important factor in the future or profit is going to be, no matter what the human costs.

Dave Gregg of D.O.A.
November 1983

DOOMSDAY PROPHETS

What do you think I can do to alleviate my fears about the coming nuclear devastation? Do you think drugs would help or is the answer in religion or maybe in going out and shooting some of the bastards that keep us living on the razor edge of sanity?

Airhead
December 1983

...the imminence of Armageddon, the imminence of the apocalypse, the imminence of the final conflict, the imminence of the fucking end. I think people have got to prepare themselves for this conflict, for this finality. If they don't, they're dead. They're probably dead already and maybe they don't care. Maybe they'd rather not live in the world that's going to come. But whatever the truth is, they should start thinking about it now... that's immediately — because there isn't much time left, and there's no hiding from the black bird.

David Tibet of Current 93
September 1986

SPRAYING THE TOWN GLUE

I can only use a little hairspray tonight, cos I've got to use the whole can for Nina Hagen on Monday night.

**overheard in the ladies room
of the Railway Club**
February 1984

Besides the usual soft drinks, the snack bar sells Winstons (yea) and poppers (boo). Poppers are little legal bottles of a liquid a lot like paint thinner. Poppers are the moral equivalent of sniffing glue. The people who frequent The Edge think they are decadent.

Dave Watson on The Edge
December 1985



TEN YEARS AFTER PUNK

What made me scratch my head and wonder what was wrong with Vancouver's Hardcore Scene was not DOA's performance, but the crowd's reflexes. Some guy stage-dove into what appeared to be a fairly thick group of people. In the middle of his free fall, the crowd neatly parted down the middle and let this dude sail to the floor. You could hear the smack of his head hitting the floor over the top of the band. The people surrounding him looked at his twisted figure on the floor, then back at the Rock Stars. I think my cat would have shown more concern.

What I would like to know is where do

these so-called "punks" get off on letting some poor bastard hit the floor and crack his skull? Maybe pain is hip; I don't know. I think the whole underground scene had a lot more credibility when it was socially unacceptable to sport short hair and torn t-shirts.

Julia
October 1984

There appears to be a lot of dead weight in the American punk scene; the people that genuinely care and make things happen are often outnumbered by bored unimaginative kids, punks in the traditional sense of the word.

Candace Batycki
October 1984

I don't extend any credibility to punk rockers whose biggest problem is catching the right bus to be home by 12:30.

Dave Watson
December 1985

MY KIND OF TOWN

The audience was full of jerks, a bunch of drugged-out assholes. Every time we play Vancouver, we run into the same problem with jerks in the crowd.

Henry Rollins of Black Flag
April 1984

I think it's interesting. Most of the time we have like five hundred maniacs hammering nails into their foreheads when we play, but when we come here they just sit in the corner and clap.

Charlie Ryan of U-Men
March 1986

I have not seen so many people smiling since the last time Vancouver was inundated by MDA.

Chris D'Amico at Jonathon Richman
April 1984

AND THE WINNER IS...?

"In fourth place, winners of \$250... Red Rum. In third place, winners of a photo session with Dee Lippingwell... Ground Zero." At this point Ground Zero guitarist Brad Kent began screaming obscenities at the crowd and the judges. Several spectators reported seeing Neal Hall, music critic for the *Vancouver Sun* and one of the judges, grab Kent by the lapels and tell him to keep his opinions to himself (or words to that effect). A scuffle ensued and the bouncers had to separate the two men before Hall, who stands about six feet, and Kent, considerably smaller, trashed the judges' table and spilled the last round of drinks.

Unaware of the fracas, Mines continued with the results. Pausing briefly, Mines announced the second place band. "Arid in second place in the year's Hot Air Show Finals... the Beverly Sisters."

The shocked silence of the crowd was broken by four of the Actionnuts, twitching and writhing on the floor, kicking their legs and shouting.

Hot Air Show
April 1983

Q: So what did you guys think of the whole Shindig thing?

A: "I feel completely ripped off."
"I thought we should have come in second..."
"We'll never play in competition again."
"It's just like a beauty contest. Some girls do different songs better."

NG3
May 1985

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ARTIST AS
A YOUNG MAN**

7:30

mature



**MYSTERY
OF PICASSO**

9:20

general

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Mar. 11-12, Wed. Thurs.

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INDIE TRAUMA

We do everything in a real stupid way. We do things the wrong way according to the industry. You know there's some things we've done that people in the industry really like and there's some stuff they really hate. Problem is, I usually like the stuff they hate better than the stuff they like.

David M of No Fun
December 1984

All the major label has done for us is, we seem to have spent lots more time and lots more money for a product that maybe it's a little more professional, but to me it's not any more entertaining than the first one was. They have a real knack of spending lots of time and money doing lots of things.

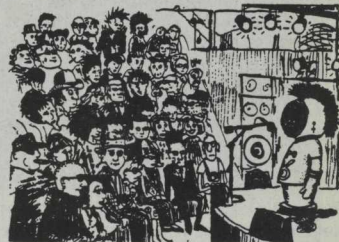
John Poe of Guadalcana Diary
November 1986

Niko for one, agrees. "I think everyone should go through it. If you don't, you lose track of what's going on. It's good to know what it takes to get things going. I hope we don't always have to do this, putting up posters and stuff..."

"I really want a manager at this point," Don pipes in, "someone with lots of time and interest."

"And money," Niko laughs.

Beverly Sisters
December 1984



EXPO EATS F.I.R.A.

The whole thing raises some nasty issues. Is compliance complicity? Or is it the time to take the Expo money and run? For some people this is the one chance to make good bucks and get some exposure. For others, it's nothing more than being slotted into a Social Credit re-election campaign. Is being in the back pocket of the beast the same as being in its belly?

Kandace Kerr
August 1986

The fun was cut short when Xerox organizers pulled the plug on the band. Slow bassist Steve Hamm responded to the power cut by unveiling his considerable bulk as Expo security attempted to clear the stage.

F.I.R.A.
September 1986

Once Jimmy heard about nudity and profanity and people calling Bill Bennett a fascist, the festival was as good as over.

F.I.R.A.
September 1986

F**K ART AND POLITICS, LET'S DANCE

Then there were the can-can girls. They were in Grace McCarthy's tent. One of them sat in a raised chair with one leg pointed straight out, her skirt hiked up high enough so you could see the Grace garter invitingly wrapped around her net-clad thigh. Her partner stood smiling on the floor, holding eight-inch bamboo hoops, encouraging delegates to toss them on the aforementioned extended limb.

Oral Dave at the Sacred Convention
September 1986

I mean, does politics mix with pop music? Perhaps. Does politics mix with art? I have great difficulty with art. It's always spelt with a capital F where I come from.

Billy Bragg
February 1987

I guess there's a lot of bands out there that like to get up on stage and say, "Well, I'm a politician. I'm using music as a back-drop, I'm going to get up here and I'm going to spew out all this political rhetoric and I expect you all to believe it." Kids that come to shows are really impressionable, they come to have a good time. I'm not going to sit up here and tell somebody "I'm a neo-socialist, I read a lot of post-war Japanese fiction and non-fiction, so this is my political stance and you should all follow it because I'm in Hüsker Dü and you like our music." We just want people to like our music, we don't want people to be like us.

Bob Mould of Hüsker Dü
December 1985

GARBAGE, GUNS AND GERBILS

Your rag smells worse than the garbage that's been sitting in our kitchen for the last month and a half. The only thing Discorder is good for is killing flies and starting fires.

Airhead
December 1984

So I hear CTR is going high power. "Here, little boy. Take this .44 Magnum and go play."

Airhead
February 1985

Dear Airhead:

I am perplexed! I picked up the June issue of Discorder and find, to my chagrin, no gratuitous slags levelled at the Foxoids. What are we doing wrong? How many alternative radio types does it take to screw in a light bulb? The question is immaterial as alternative radio types spend all their money on expensive import records and can't afford to pay their BC Hydro tab.

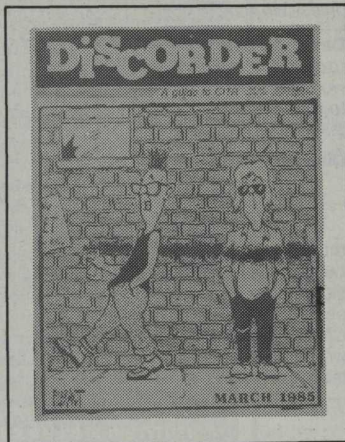
How many alternative radio types does it take to jam a candle into an empty muscatel bottle....

Best regards
Peter Taylor
(CFOX Promotion Director)

Airhead response:

Sorry, Peter, it just isn't that much fun anymore. Do you know that it has been over six months since you people last threatened us with a lawsuit? C'mon, you've got to make it worth our while. By the way, how many CFOX DJs does it take to do a radio show? The answer is two - one to push the buttons and read the cue cards and one to fire the other if he dares to utter something of even rudimentary intelligence. PS: We'll take a speed-crazed gerbil over a candle in a bottle any day.

March 1985



CITR LIFESTYLES
FUCK!

Now that I have your attention, I'm getting sick and tired of all the asshole jocks around campus! I went down to the Pit downstairs of the SUB and you wouldn't believe all the jerks down there! Football jocks, by the hundreds! And they got the IQ of a piece of furniture. They all got their cutesy little fag bags! And t-shirts advertising some faggot football or hockey team. And the worst thing about it, these macho shits look like they had a tire pump shoved up their asses and been blown up. I walked in there wearing my punk outfit and at least twenty eyes gawk at me for about five minutes. Why can't they just grow up and accept the fact that we are here if they like it or not!

Airhead
March 1984

The reason I'm pissed is because where were these teeny-twits when Depeche Mode wasn't famous???!! Now these boppers are rampaging through record stores gawking and screaming about Depeche... These boppers are doing so as if Depeche is Duran Duran. Isn't it bad enough they did it to Duran Duran? I once had pride in saying I liked Depeche when someone asked of my favourite group. But now guys think I'm a sissy-boy.

Airhead
January 1986



APACHE JEANS

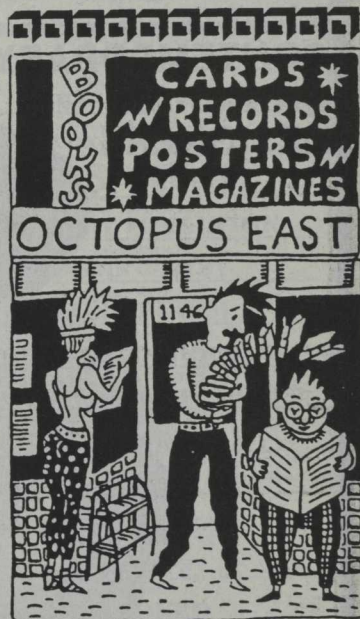
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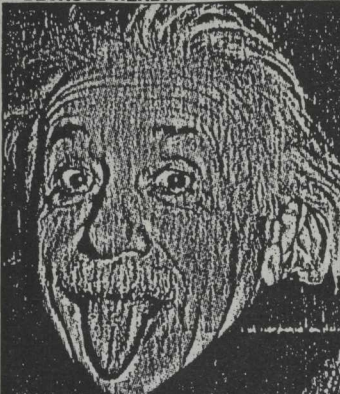
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NOW, DOES IT ALL MAKE SENSE?

About the only popular musician that's got any potential of causing a disruption in society today is probably Prince, but he's probably signed some sort of contract saying he won't do that. I think they're effectively squashing people to the point of... killing John Lennon, who was killed by a member of a conservative religious Christian sect.

Brian Ritchie of the Violent Femmes
 March 1985

Discorder: What do you mean by "shut up unless we want to pray?"

David J: I hate explaining... talking about the words because they just exist as words, in their own right. I mean, if we have to explain it, then we've failed. Does it mean anything to you?

Discorder: No.

Love & Rockets interview
 February 1986

Montreal's Disappointed New People must be getting sick of this comparison, but gosh, do they ever sound like Joy Division. If Ian Curtis hadn't been so depressed, he would have written *Fuck with Christ* ("When you fuck with Christ, whoa, whoa, you're on your own"). This is a fantastic song!!!

Demo Derby
 November 1984

Too many songs have screams in the mix that sound like my mom calling my name. These songs are generally only played when my mom isn't expected home for three more hours, which usually coincides with me doing something strange in my bedroom.

Airhead
 September 1986

All these questions are talking about the scene. That's not what's important any more — who hates who, who is more politically correct — the government is creating nuclear weapons to blow you up and you're talking about who likes who.

East Bay Ray of Dead Kennedys
 May 1983

MORE OF WHAT THEY HAD TO SAY

- Please ask everyone to cut the continual on-the-air crap about totally trivial and moronic shit — play music from Satan and spaceship music or I'll kill you.
- Burn the Big Show goof. Too much thrash.
- CTR is a suicide prevention device.
- The DJs should be able to speak English properly — start a fund to send the news staff back East so that they may learn to speak properly.
- Death would be too kind for the likes of the trendy airheads that populate the elitist corporation that masquerades as a "free" station.
- We want a glossy front cover! Nude pictures!
- Everybody should just drink and do drugs and have more sex.

CITR Listener Survey
 April 1986

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NATIVE SON

Native Son



"Amidst the Christmastime tinsel and fluff, a few serious films do manage to slip onto the screen. 'Native Son' is one of them. Based on the 1940 classic by Richard Wright, the film stars newcomer Victor Love as Bigger Thomas a young black chauffeur who accidentally kills the daughter (Elizabeth McGovern) of his wealthy white employers. Also starring are Oprah Winfrey and Akosua Busia (Both of 'The Color Purple'). Matt Dillon, and Geraldine Page. Jerrold Freedman directed Richard Wesley ('Uptown Saturday Night') adapted the book, and Diane Silver produced. Whatever the critical response, 'Native Son' will almost certainly reopen the debate over the portrayal of black men in film that 'The Color Purple' began last year."

—AMERICA FILM MAGAZINE
AMERICAN FILM INSTITUTE

**OPENS FRIDAY
MARCH 6TH**

NATIVE SON

(CINECOM)

Color/1.85

112 Mins.

Cast: Victor Love, Oprah Winfrey, Geraldine Page, Elizabeth McGovern, Matt Dillon, Carroll Baker, Akosua Busia, John McMartin, Art Evans, John Karlen.

Credits: Directed by Jerrold Freedman. Produced by Diane Silver. Screenplay by Richard Wesley, based on the novel by Richard Wright. Executive producer: Lindsay Law. Production designer: Stephen Marsh. Director of photography: Thomas Burstyn. Music by James Mtume.

Powerful film treatment of Richard Wright's 1940 novel exploring racial relations in America. A movie to chew on amid the holiday cotton candy releases. 87-08

Freedman, who has directed several made-for-television movies, keeps the drama moving, making each scene count. He never lets the pathos of the story fall into sentimentality. *Native Son* presents a bleak picture of American life: a nation divided by race and class, with ignorance and fear on both sides. The poverty, racism and economic limitations that spawned Bigger Thomas are as prevalent today as in 1940. This film, with its chilling plot, fine performances and brilliant score (by James Mtume), deserves to reach a wide audience.

—Wendy Weinstein

—The Film Journal (Trade Publication)



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Wednesday March 18
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Thursday March 19
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Fri. Sat. March 20, 21
DELBERT McCLINTON

Sunday March 22
MARTIN CATHY

Monday March 23
FLORA PURIM

Tuesday March 24
STUBBORN BLOOD

Wednesday March 25
DANGEROUS FARM ANIMALS

Thursday March 26
LOS DURANGOS

Fri. Sat. March 27, 28
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of your life*

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JEFF DERKSEN
MAXINE GADD
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JOE MENABNEY
JONNY T. PAYNE*

March 18

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from the Marine Club

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Going Madly UP The Mainstream

Interview:
Don Chow

Text:
Robert Shea

HOW DOES ONE BEGIN AN ARTICLE about a group whose sound has been described in the local rags as "Primal music, deep and dark" and "High Art Has Rhythm"? How about "the guarantors of a gusty guide through the gamut of groovy," or maybe "sinuously suave innovators of the innate"? No? Well, then let Barry Andrews himself throw you a quote: "Warm, moody, burning, dark, aquiline, melts in the mouth, succulent, insidious, vile and electric, as full of love as can be found in a jaguar's fang." There is as apt a description of the sound of Shriekback as can be found.

Barry Andrews (voice, keys) has been through such experiences as XTC and Robert Fripp's League of Gentlemen; co-core person Dave Allen (bass) was weaned in the rhythm section of the Gang of Four, who really couldn't cut it without him. Together with Martin Barker, drums and percussion, they form the Shriekroot, a collection of individuals, individually collected, divided yet united. In other words, they get along. And quite well; in fact, a real "family atmosphere", as Martin calls it.

It was not always like that, though. Carl Marsh, a relatively creative sort of chap, was with the band until the previous release *Oil and Gold*, and even then he was obviously on the way out. Barry knows why:

Ultimately I think that too many cooks were in the kitchen. And now I feel like, oh god, I've got a lot more room to move, and a lot more things to do, and I don't have to worry about treading on Carl's toes, and he doesn't have to worry about treading on mine. It's like planting out a plant that's got too big for the pot, that was the ultimate reason for his leaving.

Nevertheless, times change and the groove must continue to move. Shriekback is now under the creative control of Andrews.

We're in the business of communication to people, and by people I don't mean people who have the right haircut, or who have taken the right drugs, or who have the same frame of reference, or have read the same slim volumes as us. There's nothing we want to put in our music that would be a bar to people, and on the other hand what we have to say is quite a personal expression, and isn't necessarily going to appeal instantly to a lot of people who haven't done the same things as us. So it's a balance to strike; our way of approaching it is to just present what we do as effectively and straightforwardly as possible. There's a limit to how you can

compromise your music, and I just need to know that I'm proud of what I do. On a personal level I need to know that a record is as good as I could have made it, and that there's no lie in it. So long as it's that, I want everyone to hear it that possibly can get to hear it. I am real happy with the new record *Big Night Music*. I think it's the most coherent record we've made yet, and it's a record that's closest in its result to how I envisioned it before we started recording it. Which is quite a novel experience to me. You have a vision of how the thing should end up and inevitably it gets mangled up in the process and doesn't quite come out how you thought. *Big Night Music* does actually sound the way I thought it should sound. So it makes me think that we're beginning to get a bit of a handle on what it takes to do this music stuff.

...I think it was a conscious decision to make a mellow, dark sort of album

The new album is definitely not a disappointment, but to many diehard Shriekback fans it may be a surprise. Not quite gone, but suspiciously limited, is the outright 'shriek' of many of the songs on *Oil and Gold*. Instead the listener is offered a more subtle selection of sounds, a progression of original intent, one that is not new to the group's concept.

*There's been this theme in Shriekback's music for a long time. It really started with *Evaporation* on *Care*, this dark, tenebrous area of our stuff. And since there was always another singer/songwriter in the band up to this album, I didn't have very much room to explore it. So since this was the first record where I actually had both sides to stretch out, that area got explored more thoroughly than anything else. So effectively I think it was a conscious decision to make a mellow, dark sort of album.*

There is a lot of decisive consciousness in Shriekback's music, inspiring a quantum of various interpretations and reactions. Barry Andrews has a charmingly defined attitude about what music is and what it does for him, and his group. Listen to him, on producing perspectives:

*On *Shining Path* I have a huge bass in the foreground, and little tiny bright things coming from way in the distance, like stars or something. So it's kind of like a landscape. On *Pretty Little Things* everything is very close, and it's like little tiny pointy things jabbing into your face. And*

Black Light Trap is trying to conjure up some huge cavernous place with flame and blackness and big fat men on space hoppers bouncing around seas of burning oil, and that sort of nonsense.

BARRY ANDREWS THINKS about his work, a lot. The process and its results, the sound, are very developed, yet very spontaneous. This started when he worked with Robert Fripp:

...an education, definitely! Some of the techniques he uses, like not ever doing anything more than twice, the combination of a lot of preparation and a lot of practise, and then just complete spontaneity, seemed to me to be quite effective. There's something about the self-contained, gathered, centred quality of Fripp that I found quite an inspiration. I thought it would be quite good to be like that instead of charging around crashing into the walls all the time!

Crashing into the walls is not an unfamiliar concept to those who really feel the effect of Shriekback's music, a sound that has on occasion induced rhythmic pandemonium, frenzied dissipation, euphoric melee, and even outright rude reactions:

*In fact, there was some doubtful morality going on during *Faded Flowers* the other night. Some girl was actually writhing in the grasp of her lover, who was standing behind her, and I actually thought that penetration had taken place at one point. We encourage people to smooch, actually, on *Underwater Boys*, a track from the new album, but really!*

One aspect of the Shriekback concept that appears to be a paradox is the live presentation, the world-touring "personal representation" of what they are, or want to be. Not that they don't work on the stage image:

Quite a lot of work goes into it, really. I'd like to be larger than life, sort of huge and glamorous, extraordinary, that's pretty much how I'd like to be perceived.

This is the paradox. The sound of Shriekback, for many, does not conjure up the thought of a larger-than-life glamour. One may think of an all-out party machine banzai dance-situation, occasionally, but in the live show one would expect more of that subtle creativity evident in the music. Not so. Shriekback live is exactly the way that Barry Andrews wants it to be, to the chagrin of certain expectations. Possibly a more "warm, moody, burning, dark..." attitude could also be reflected when playing for an audience, one that would fulfil the expectations of interested and aware individuals. But, I repeat, not so. As usual, especially here in the outermost reaches of civilization, we receive a watered-down, more mainstream version of what we imagine to be superbly subtle in its natural

form. Barry Andrews has another explanation, one that justifies the paradox, or, rather, explains it away.

I think that a rock'n'roll concert should be a real good clean-out, when you're doing a low-energy job that involves a certain amount of compromise, all week, this thing called rock'n'roll can actually be something where no-one tells you what to do and you just burn off all the "aarruummmff!!!" that's been building up. I think that if people like us have a function in society, it's that, to be some kind of catharsis machine. Certainly it helps me in my own life, the fact that I can get on stage and behave like a completely raving lunatic, for an hour and a half every night. There's something that I really like about that over-the-edge quite destructive approach to things. There's something really natural and good, like a sort of healthy anger against all the boring, crusty, stupid bloody things there are in the world. That's what I liked about punks, and the Pistols. And I think that Shriekback, even though we're not a band that's happening in that historical time and space, we still have that energy and spirit to do it as well. I think that you deal in a lot of high energy kind of pursuits, you deal with a lot of communication with people, you deal with a lot of people's strongest feelings, as a musician in rock'n'roll. And you've got to deal with that energy in an intelligent sort of way.

There's something that I really like about that over-the-edge quite destructive approach to things

Rarely do performers, artists or musicians turn out to resemble even slightly the image that we create for them. This is, of course, our own fault alone, a fault that we even learn to accept. But in the expectation of the Shriekback 'real thing', Barry Andrews himself is certainly quite refreshing, reminding us that there are people in the music world who think deeply about what they do, who put into their work quite a lot of themselves. And it's nice to have it confirmed in print, in a form that we can learn from, adapt to, and reconsider individually, indefinitely, as long as it holds true. Until, that is, the inevitable question about, gasp, the next album:

I don't know what it's going to be, but I do fancy something a bit noisier, though, a big bloody dance thing. I think that it might be quite a laugh!! ☆

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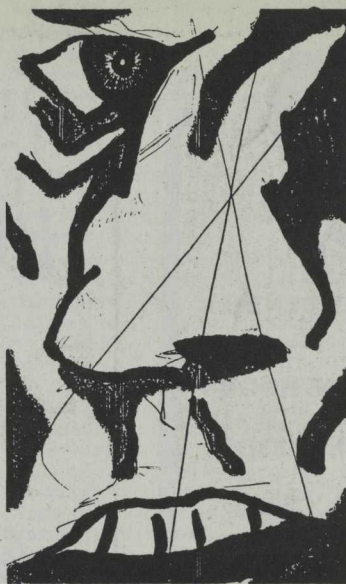


...?

Black Is Beautiful

by Marsha Harris

THE OTHER DAY I saw a kid in regulation anorexic blacks trying to make a purchase in an east end drug store. He offered the clerk a Visa card – his own Visa card, not a stolen one. And the clerk, knowing somehow or other that he was on social assistance, bellowed at her associate, “Are the ones on welfare allowed to have Visa cards?” Now this was not only grossly rude but moreover betrayed a staggering lack of understanding of the concepts of personal legal capacity and private contract. (Those who may be confused on this point please note that personal juridic capacity is not in any way diminished or impaired by being on welfare – at least, not yet.) After receiving assurance from her colleague that the young man’s circumstances provided no ground to impute fraud, the clerk resentfully completed the sale. And then, as the boy scuttled mortified out of the store, she treated the rest of us to an angry exposition of her views on young people who draw sustenance from the state trough while affecting what is known to the cognoscenti as an ‘alternative’ look. She of course referred to it as ‘punk’, but the working class cannot be expected to keep up with these nuances. After all, they do have the advantage, especially in the east end, of being inherently politically correct. However, that does not entitle them in my view to indulge in humiliating those who are weaker still. But the incident does serve to illustrate that the oppressed can be just as nasty as anyone else. (This aspect of the equality of



man, which for some reason I find gratifying, comes as a shock to campus-bred activists who venture into field work. It does a great many of them in immediately.)

*the oppressed can be
just as nasty as
anyone else*

But it is not only the bigoted working poor who seem to feel the need to trash the kids. I have noticed the same sort of righteous venom seeping from that narrow strata of the under-25 set that could, by considerable stretch and using the words very loosely, be called their politically conscious intelligentsia. This politically conscious intelligentsia of the late '80s is, with all due respect, a relatively infantile, largely unread, very underground (read socially irrelevant), vague derivative of the old new-left. It's nobody's fault. It is simply the inexorable march of history. The left of today is precisely that. It is of today, which of course makes it not too seriously left. The leitmotif of the era is petty narcissism, and those pretending to social conscience are as likely to radiate self-obsession as the rest of us. They merely have their own variation on the vanity theme. From a lofty position of mental superiority, the young left-leaning rebel of today does not deign to descend into the streets to organize and lead his silly siblings. No, he prefers to gaze down on them with an ego-gratifying air of contempt that is at its most compas-

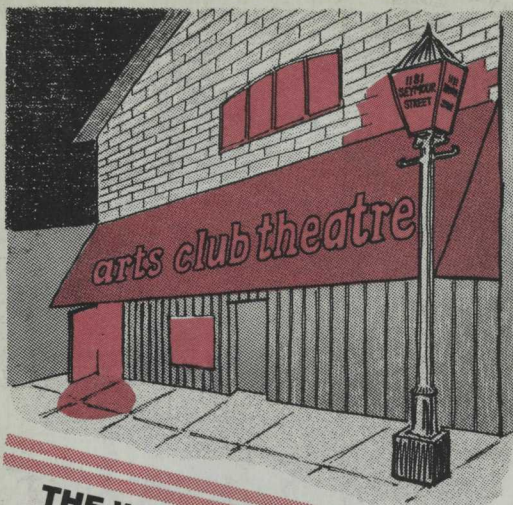
Why Isn't It Politically Correct?

sionate, bemused – but more often stinks of a spiteful righteousness that would look more appropriate on Grace McCarthy.

Verily, it is sick-making to hear, as I have heard, young people who pretend to social consciousness and are first out of the gate to declare for Indians and Africans, vomiting out merciless judgements on kids with hair-dos like a pack of Presbyterian ministers during the reign of Victoria. Meanwhile the victims of their scorn have the boot put to them by welfare officials, not to mention drug store clerks, on a regular basis, and walk the streets without jobs, without education, and, worst of all, without any inner sense of worth beyond that conferred by their membership in the fashion subculture.

*a spiteful righteousness
that would look more
appropriate on Grace
McCarthy*

The salon radicals could put their greater knowledge and sophistication to some use in teaching these young people how to stand up for themselves and deal with the system; how to develop a sense of being and confidence from assets other than their admittedly dashing sense of style. But the grey puritans prefer the view from above. So they sit on their lofty perches dripping acid on growing flocks of the stupidly pretty that, for lack of resources to do anything else, paddle meaninglessly up and down Granville and Robson. ☆



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OH MY GOD! IT'S ERNEST ANGELY

**Text and Illustrations by
M. Grimshaw and R. Filbrandt**

WE LISTENED AS HIS VOICE rose and fell continuously in pitch and tone. We watched as his face contorted unpredictably from grimace to frown, from righteousness to wrath. We laughed as he hawked icons and shamelessly solicited funds. We decided we could not miss his upcoming Vancouver appearance. For \$12 we could not only actually see this man and his rabid minions in person, but we could feast while doing so.

Yes, Sunday, January 18 was the date of the *Partner Banquet* at the Ramada Renaissance Inn! Some enquiries led Filbrandt on a plaid-clad quest to an icon-enrusted high-rise apartment to purchase the tickets for the affair from a woman named Gail, Ernest's perky and porky local gal Friday. Gail made certain Rod left with a large armload of wild Ernest literature.

It was through these tracts that we first came to realise that we might be going to see a serious psycho. Ernest can fairly be described as the Mr. Rogers of fundamentalist telepreachers. His demeanour and delivery are gentler, more 'down homey' than his sometimes fiery counterparts. Just as with Mr. Rogers, however, there is a suspicion of something badly twisted lurking beneath the aw-shucks exterior.

Ernest claims to chat with God and/or Jesus. He reports the ability to actually see demons. He says he can see black hoops

around the mouths of people possessed by the demon of tobacco. He professes to be a channel through which heavenly energy can actually rebuild damaged limbs, replace eardrums, and possibly grow hair on a zucchini. Maybe I'm a little narrow-minded, but it sounded to me like it might be bullshit.

On January 18 we got to see for ourselves. We met at the pad of our amigo Huggy, whom we needed to take because he's the most unbalanced individual we know. We proceeded to get possessed by a few demons and rolled down to the Ramada. That's where the plan fell into serious disrepair. The lobby and foyer were awash with lip-pursing fundamentalists, many of whom were on crutches, in wheelchairs, or using walkers. Polyester, bell-bottoms, hush-puppies, and cardigans were abundantly obvious.

Our furtive behaviour might have tipped us off as infidels. Then again, it might have been my leather jacket and four-day stubble. We were seated at a round, linen-covered table with six upright zealots. Ernie entered during the salad. He strode in, arms upraised, already spewing righteousness through a remote mike clipped to his tie. He urged the willing crowd into cries and whimpers of "Praise the Lord!" and "God loves ME", gushed his greetings and promptly started moving methodically through the room clutching the hands of his adoring flock.

The elderly man next to me told me that the chicken we were served was the best turkey he had ever tasted. WOW! A miracle already! "What's this on my head?" pleaded a rather senile woman at our table who broke down crying at Ernie's apparent

hurry and lack of interest. "I can't walk," moaned an elderly man who was assured God would help. A man at our table told Ernie: "There's a wild child here, he stabbed his grandmother in the hand a half hour ago." We began to look forward to the 'miracle service'.

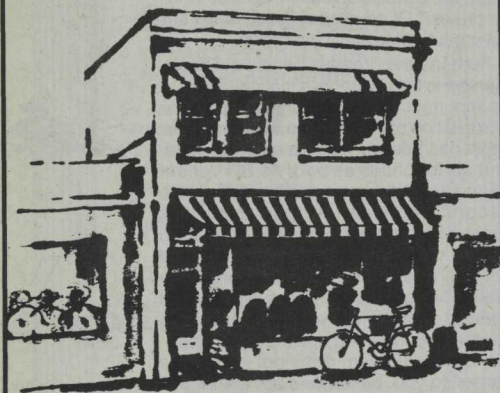
Ernie pressed on, meeting all 380 partners, then proceeded into a rambling parable about his Munich bust for faith healing (he was acquitted) and a crusade to India where he asked for and claimed he got one thousand rupees from a group of businessmen. Strangely enough, one thousand happened to be the number of dollars he then requested from the glory-bound in attendance. In return for a cool grand, he was willing to part with a 'Wanted in Heaven' diploma, upon which a photo of YOU could share space with Ernie and a decidedly Caucasian Jesus.

After the cash-grab subsided, the 'miracle service' loomed. We saw the aforementioned wild-child being dragged in by his frantic grandmother. "Help me," she begged. Two morally staunch goons helped subdue the unrepentant waif while the Reverend Ernie unleashed the power of God on the demons possessing his young mind. "Do you know who I am?" asked Ernie. "You're the devil," the frightened little voice replied. The next minute we saw the boy running out of the room crying, armed with a dinner fork.

We stayed to see at least a hundred people flop to the floor at a touch from the Reverend Ernie, then bolted to a beer parlour to restore some sense of reality. We're all right now, except maybe for Huggy. He's not talking to us any more, and we're worried about him. ☆

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Hail! Discordia

THE POPE IS INFALLIBLE ON MATTERS of faith, right? Right says standup philosopher Robert Anton Wilson, and furthermore, every man, woman and child on earth is a genuine, certified Pope.

This is a fundamental catma (as opposed to dogma) of Discordianism, the first TRUE, TRUE religion in the world. Discordians worship Eris, the Greek Goddess of Discord, and belong to organizations like the Legion of Dynamic Discord. "We Discordians stick apart," as the saying goes, with the result that churches or sects are many and far between, sometimes consisting of one member or less.

One such entity is the Paratheo Anametamystikhood of Eris Esoteric, a non-prophet irreligious disorganization dedicated to the dissemination of creative chaos. The POEE head temple is located in San Francisco, "on the beautiful site of future San Andreas Canyon." As an Erisian pontificated, the only way not to take yourself too seriously is to know that the ground under your feet is pure void.

Dr. Wilson, a.k.a. Mordecai the Foul, is the self-acclaimed toenail of an Erisian sect known as the Bavarian Illuminati, a conspiracy against law, ordure, good taste and common sense. As part of this conspiracy, he has authored a series of books, all of which incorporate Erisianism in one guise or another. As stated in his recent novel *The Widow's Son* "what we wish to encourage is uncertainty. People must be convinced not just that the priest may be a humbug and the judge a thief, but that all systems of philosophy are equally dubious, that all papal bulls are as absurd as picaresque novels, that the latest scientific theories are no more infallible than papal bulls etc.; in short, that all books are works of fiction whether they are so labelled or not."

If this seems confusing, that is necessary. We all need a little pandemonium to break out of the straight jacket in which our society is currently lockstepping towards destruction.

According to Wilson, the Erisian religion has a built in check against dogma, since every time you go back and read the scriptures, you can't help but laugh. "The whole language would have to change to lose the humour of it — it would take a thousand years."

Those who would like to partake of the sublime faith are invited to read the Erisian bible *Principia Discordia: How I Found Goddess And What I Did To Her After I Found Her*, written by Eris through her prophet Malaclypse the Younger. Therein it is stated that Discordians, if they are real-

ly serious about their religion, are required to partake of a hotdog without a hotdog bun every Friday, among other things. However, we are also reminded of the words of the great sage Sri Syadasti, "there are no rules unless we choose to invent rules." Of course, all Discordians are welcome to write their own bibles.

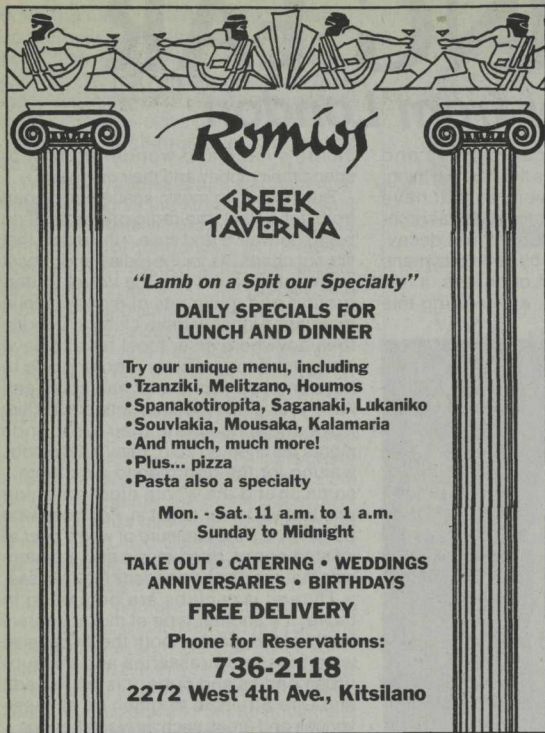
Perhaps the greatest benefit of Discordianism is the awareness that chaos is just as important and necessary as order. The predilection of the Western world in recent years has been to worship order as good, and abhor chaos as bad. As Bill Vander Zalm said, "it wasn't so bad during the second world war. At least there was order." Fortunately, Eris has returned to remind us that not all order is good, and not all chaos is bad, and that it might be preferable to work with creative order and creative chaos, while working against both destructive order and destructive chaos.

If Discordianism does not yet "make sense" to you, be of good faith, for if you contemplate it long enough, and spend enough time in the company of other Discordians, it will begin to make as much sense as Catholicism or any other belief system. In fact, it will begin to seem NORMAL. This is THE way to see the arbitrary nature of all belief, language, symbology, thought, and the cosmic giggle factor itself. Oh, I forgot to mention, anybody who does not join this most wondrous religion is liable to be turned into a Precious Mao button and distributed to the poor in the region of Thud.

Finally, the curious should be aware that although Erisianism started out as a complex joke at the expense of any inflexible religion or philosophy, it quickly evolved into more than that. As Bob Anton Wilson says, "unlike the usual hoax, which is fiction presented as fact, this hoax is fact presented as fiction." Or as Kerry Thornley, a founding Discordian, said before he went into the great Confusion: "if I'd known Eris was real, I would have chosen Venus instead."

Other works which elucidate the workings of Erisianism include Robert Anton Wilson's *Prometheus Rising*, *Cosmic Trigger* and *Illuminatus!* (co-authored with Robert Shea), Camden Benares' *Zen Without Zen Masters*, and Christopher Hyatt's *Undoing Yourself With Energized Meditation And Other Devices*. If this intrigues you, be sure to catch Robert Anton Wilson's presentation "The New Inquisition: A Skeptical Look At Skepticism" at the New York Theatre, 639 Commercial Drive, March 20 at 8 pm. Call 254-5833 for information. ☆





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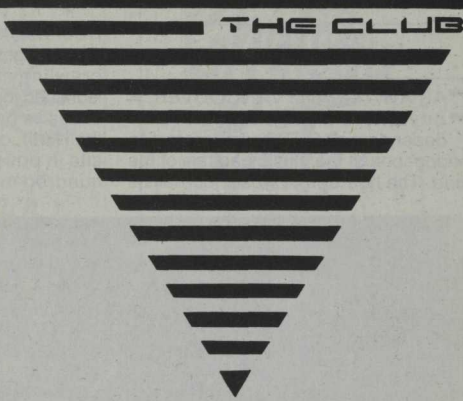
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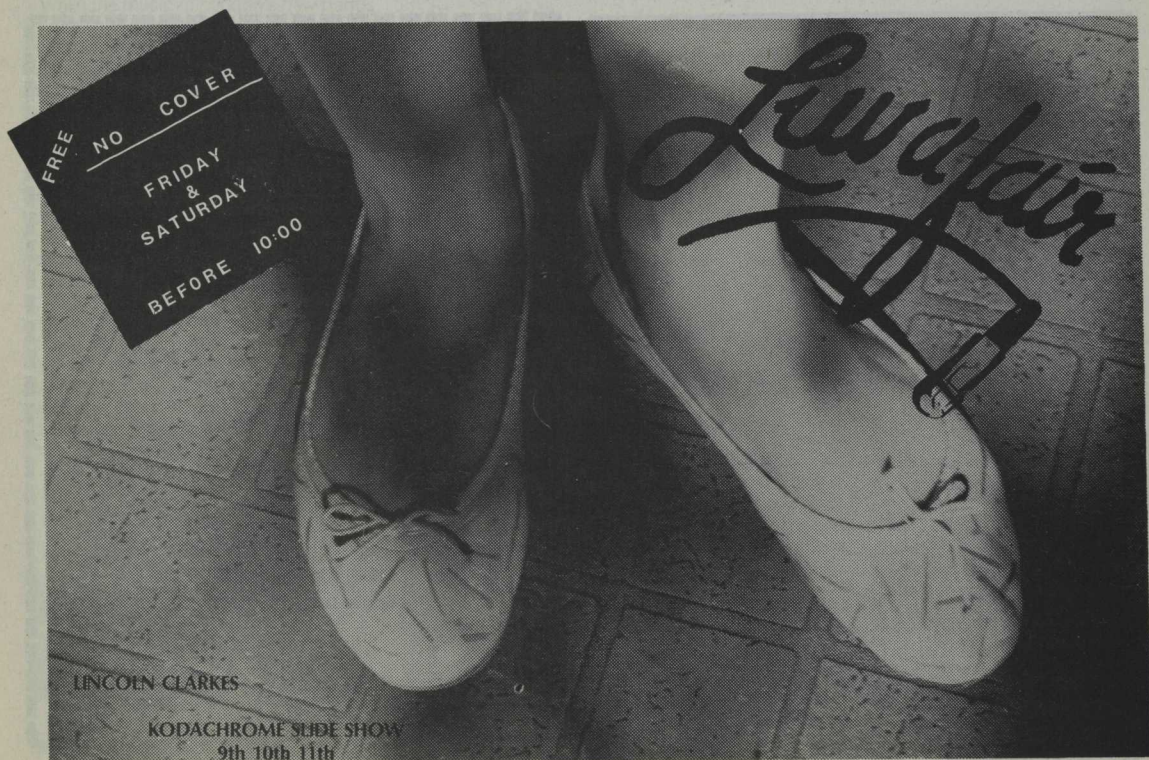
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THE ROVING EAR

This month, a letter from London

by Afshin Rattansi

FAR AWAY FROM VANCOUVER. A city where a radio station as independent as CTR can operate, lies London, one of the music capitals of the world. The hoardes of music journalists

from the *New Musical Express* and *Sounds* fight over who is the next big thing, crawling into small venues that have launched the biggest stars. As Britain continues its process of decline and decay, the North, devastated by unemployment, sits in poverty while Londoners, a few hundred miles south, are reading this

month's *Face* and wondering how to spend their money and their evening.

But there is no music scene here. Apart from John Peel, the radio prides itself on being derivative and stale – the music that fills our charts. As for the indie bands, most just want to sound like The Velvet Underground and make lots of money. While there are probably more clubs in London than anywhere else, most tend to have stringent door policies, requiring you to have emptied your can of hair-spray and have your wardrobe filled with black chic. Boys and girls spend their West Ends nights perched on cold, rainy pavements, waiting for the doormen to pick them – some spend the whole night catching pneumonia, never to get in. For those who do get in, it's the pleasure of warm beer at inflated prices, good music and a pretension that greets and deadens their senses.

Though jazz clubs are beginning to thrive, it's another type of music entirely that's playing out of both the expensive wine bars and brasseries and the suburban parties and pubs. It is left to Sade and Dire Straits to brighten up all these venues and areas such as North London –



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DISORDER

once the haunt of bands like the Jam – appear now as cathedrals to Mark Knopfler. Otherwise, Gothic rock, a post-Siouxsie mish-mash of nineteen-year-olds playing to seventeen and unders, each spending their middle-class parents' money on shocking black hair-dye, graces the streets.

We have yuppies too, a stagnant minority that haunts the streets from Covent Garden to Chelsea, and it is these people who can afford the music at the newly opened HMV record store, the largest record shop in the world. The yuppies, with their new-found consumer power buy what they're told; a cassette for the GTI or Porsche, the video-cassette for the VCR, the compact disc for the hi-fi – when an LP is released they'll spend up to eighty dollars on all the different formats.

The gigs of indie bands are attended mostly by students, basing their choices of evening entertainment on the whims of the NME. Until recently, the journalists' hype of certain bands has been justified. The Smiths and Lloyd Cole and the Commotions have gone from strength to strength (the former signing to that bastion of good taste, EMI), and are now attracting the screaming girls that attended the concerts of Duran Duran and Spandau Ballet, some years before. But this year's young things – The Jesus and Mary Chain, The Soup Dragons, Fuzzbox and Stump and others – are all less than inspiring.

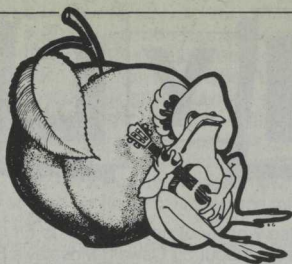
While the music of London's new bands is less than original, the city probably attracts more appearances from established acts than any other, many of them returning to the city that fostered them. And bands such as Echo and the Bunnymen and The Fall have long since moved South, leaving the slums of Liverpool and Manchester for the glamour and fame of London. It is thus left to bands like the Cocteau Twins, A Certain Ratio and Elvis Costello and the Attractions to try to keep music alive.

However dead the London 'scene' is, Londoners can rest assured that the next revolution in music, that shapes cities from Los Angeles to Tokyo, will occur here. We have the record labels, the venues and a youth comprised of international cultures, all we now need are the musicians and the songwriters. We're waiting... ☆

Martin Guder
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VINYL VERDICT

The Men They Couldn't Hang How Green Is The Valley MCA (UK)

What is Rogue Folk? To me it is an umbrella term for any music loosely based on traditional, acoustic music, and turned into a hybrid of folk and 80's rock or even punk. The most famous exponents of this genre are The Pogues, although some feel that the like of Fairport Convention and The Albion Band have been rogueing it for well over a decade.

From the same background as The Pogues come The Men They Couldn't Hang. They made a huge impact in 1985 with their haunting rendition of Eric Bogle's *Green Fields of France*, and released their debut LP some 18 months ago on Demon Records in the U.K. Accusations of ripping-off The Pogues were swept aside by the sheer quality of their compositions, notably *Ironmasters*. Since then they have flirted with the production qualities of a certain Nick Lowe in recording a raucous cover of Hoyt Axton's classic *Greenback Dollar*, and now have their second album *How Green Is The Valley* out on MCA (The Pogues' label on this side of the pond).

CITR listeners will be familiar with two of the songs, which are both outstanding cuts. *Gold Rush* was on the Spinlist for many weeks last year, and is preceded here by a tasteful instrumental called *Gold Strike*. The song tells of the hardy life on the North Sea oil rigs in search of "black gold." The other is *Shirt Of Blue*, a superb song about the conflicts on the picket lines during the U.K. miners' strike, and as such is another fine example of a modern folk song. It recounts the story of two boys who were rivals at school, and who now find themselves on opposite sides in the strike; one a miner, the other a policeman, in a shirt of blue:

Hey now Tommy shall we meet again
In the morning wet with dew?
Me at the gates of the colliery
You in your shirt of blue.
And shall we wrestle in the muddy patch
Like the other grown men do?
We can scuff our shoes, we can tear our hands
And I'll rip that shirt off you!

Also worthy of note is *Ghosts Of Cable Street*, about Sir Oswald Moseley's British Union, a fascist movement which contributed to Hitler's belief that he would not have to go to war against the Brits.

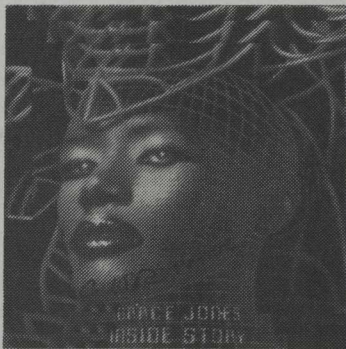
This is not really a folk album, though, more a folk/rock effort. The arrangements are hard-driving, pounding rock, especially songs like *Going Back To Coventry* and Lowe's *Wishing Well*.

*A timbered bar I staggered in by the wall in West Berlin
The barman looks and shoots a steely glance:
"Are you a friend of the British Government?"
I proudly reply "Not a chance!"
"That is good!" he says with cheer,
and he fills me up with beer.*

Tiny Soldiers is a complaint about the proliferation of war toys (the LP was a pre-Christmas release in Britain), while *Rapid Underdog* has some fine lines too: By contrast, the closing cut *Parted From You* is a pleasant song of the loneliness of life on the road, and is a tasteful way to round off the record.

This is a remarkably powerful album. I hope MCA releases it in Canada, and then perhaps we might even get a chance to witness one of their famous live performances.

Steve Edge



Grace Jones Inside Story Manhattan

And... cue dyspeptic record reviewer:
I don't like to be a negative sort, but

Christ this is a dull record. Dull, dull, dull. As in turgid. Boring. Somnolent. YAWN.

In fact, it is no exaggeration to call this the dullest record of the year, even if it is only February. I mean, if you take boring pseudo-disco-funk rhythms and couple them with unimaginative lyrics and sterile production you have a pretty good recipe for an insomnia cure, even with Grace's picture on the sleeve. I like Grace; she's got a great body, a pretty good voice and a sense of humour (hey, she made her acting debut in a James Bond flick), but she needs a) quality material and b) careful production. With the right help (as on *Nightclubbing*), she can be an arresting performer, but here she's about as exciting as a Mormon prayer meeting.

The songs suffer from unbearably cutesy titles like *Victor Should Have Been A Jazz Musician* and *I'm Not Perfect (But I'm Perfect For You)*. We are talking putrid here. Once you get past these "ma's mots", the actual songs are even worse. I may be a bit demanding, but I expect a little jump, a little spark from a dance record. You know, something to get the juice flowing. On this score the material here fails utterly, as whoever wrote this garbage makes the Beastie Boys look like songwriters of genius.

I suppose it is possible that a masterful production effort could have made the record mildly interesting, but Nile Rodgers delivers a pedestrian, formulaic sound that I can only call dancefloor muzak. If CHQM were to change their format to include black artists, this is exactly the kind of dreck you'd be likely to hear.

Fade to black, and... cut to Trouble Funk video.

Iain Bowman

Motörhead Orgasmatron GWR Records

Lemmy Kilmister, master philosopher and chronicler of this modern era on the verge of a post-Oedipal shift, has borne a masterpiece of thrashing heavy metal. *Orgasmatron* is the umpteenth album from Motörhead and, unlike their other discs since *Ace of Spades*, this one throbs and shrieks with Wagnerian fury, yet the finesse in the production eliminates any awkward elements. The result is a skull-crunching, brain-sucking, ear-slicing

assault that must be heard to be understood.

Deaf Forever, a speed-dirge for a battlefield corpse, sets the pace for *Orgasmatron*: "Sword and shield/Bone and Steel/Rictus grin/Deaf forever to the battle's din." This is the same sort of exalted thrash that Lemmy has traded in for years, but here heavy metal dial-twiddler Bill Laswell has placed Lemmy's buzzsaw screech comfortably over the exploding drums and guitars so none of the wisdom is lost.

On *Orgasmatron* Lemmy's lyrics continue to combine a complex mixture of gynophobia and post-Nietzschean philosophy. The sexism that is present goes right to the root of male psychology, so it's not so easily dismissed with smug remarks. This is not to condone this sort of stuff, but it has to be dealt with. That aside, the best songs here are of the I-am-my-own-God variety. *Dr. Rock* speaks loud and clear and for an all-out attack on organized religion, politics and war, check out the title track.

Is Lemmy too smart for heavy metal? Is he a shaman or an idiot-savant? You can't be sure, but you can bet Motörhead will keep us wondering for a few years more.

Mark Quail

Well, I'm glad to say on *Warehouse: Songs and Stories* little has changed. Despite signing to a major commercial label about a year ago, the throttle's barely been touched. Their guitar-slashing sound has been blended more proficiently into their songwriting and the screams have been channelled into articulate, insightful lyrics. They still sound fresh and somewhat novel as they continue to map out the territory of hard-edged pop.

Warehouse is a complex work, and it journeys across some dark territory. Starting off with *These Important Years* and its pervasive feeling of personal unrest, this album has the shadows of self-doubt and depression stalking you constantly. Mould takes a stab at the cure for some of his ills on *Turn It Around* but this certainly isn't a panacea. The last two tracks show a divergence in Mould's and Hart's thinking to-

wards solutions. On *Up In the Air*, Mould doesn't think running away is an answer. If you stand your ground you'll win out while on *You Can Live at Home* Hart screams, "Walk away and you'll be free." These two are a strange combination rather like a latter-day Lennon and McCartney.

The weird thing on *Warehouse* is the inclusion of a few short paragraphs at the end of the lyric sheet. This anonymous piece shows Hüsker Dü know more of the answers than they're willing to admit in their songs.

Warehouse is just that. There are 20 tracks here, which means Hüsker Dü has released on average one album every six months since their last double work, *Zen Arcade*. If these guys don't burn out first, they'll probably win the world over through attrition.

Mark Quail

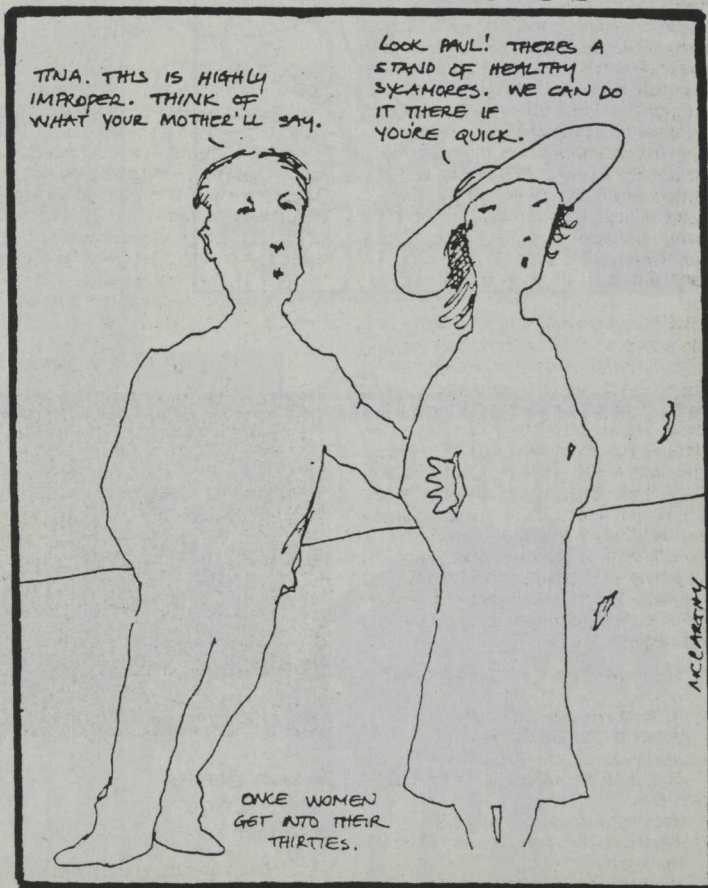
LIFE AMONG THE EARTHLINGS.



Hüsker Dü *Warehouse: Songs and Stories*

Warner Brothers

Hüsker Dü crashed on to the hard core scene a few years back as one of many bands on California's SST label. They had a trademark piledriving sound with loud, white-noise power-chording and existentialist howls that seemed to emanate from deep within guitarist Bob Mould's and drummer Grant Hart's respective psyches. Through a combination of intelligence and brute force they became the critics' darlings. Yet, because of their punishing approach to black vinyl, only the college DJs took the bait, and so they remained part of a growing underground music scene.



**Go Four 3
Six Friends**
Zulu Records

Reviewing a local band can be fraught with danger. For instance, if you pan their record, they may come around and pelt you with bricks. Conversely, if you like the disc, and their bassist just happens to be an ex-president of the radio station where

you work...well, the phrase 'conflict of interest' may spring to some minds.

I don't care. If it's okay for most of the B.C. cabinet, then it's okay for this reviewer. I like this record, and I like Go Four 3, because they play music that reminds me of late '60s garage bands and late '70s power pop. They use guitar, bass, and drum, and occasionally throw in Manzarek-like organ riffs, feedback, strings,

and even a snippet of sitar.

On this, their first LP, Go Four 3 show that: a) Steve Quinn knows how to write great pop songs, b) time in the studio is always well spent, and c) they have progressed greatly since their eponymous 1985 EP. Quinn appears to be one of those rare people who can consistently write stuff that sticks irresistibly in your head: every tune here is hummable, even if the

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lyrics at times seem to have been lifted from Ian Curtis' diary. But hey, isn't teen angst what pop music is all about? Stand-outs? Well, *Someone*, rumoured to be the second video from the record, is real nice; *Rope* is the band's second song about a psychopath, and one I prefer to their first, *Seventh Victim*, which also shows up here in a re-recorded version. *This Time* is pretty good too, as is *Right From Wrong*, which features the aforementioned organ riffs, courtesy Gord Badanic, who is usually occupied playing bass. Ironically, though, the best track here is a cover: their version of the Passions' *Africa Mine* is...fab. I mean, like, really fab.

All of this benefits from a first-class production by Rick Arboit and Ron Obvious. Reportedly, the Gophers spent considerable time in the studio, and it shows: gone is the somewhat rough edge present on their earlier vinyl, to be replaced by the kind of polished, clean sound that glows with professionalism. Some may not like it,

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but you've got to believe that multitracked guitars are going to be hip again pretty soon. (There's even a real, honest-to-Gawd guitar solo on *Colour of Money*.) In addition, overdubbing fills out Roxanne Heichert's voice, which can still sound a bit frail on occasion.

Nonetheless, it's evident that the band, both individually and as a whole, are more confident and accomplished here than on their debut. (Mind you, finally having a full-time drummer in Ian Noble, ex-Modernettes, ex-half-the-bands-in Vancouver, must be a big relief.) What with the video to *Save Me* in rotation on MuchMusic, and their hard-working, professional attitude, they would appear to have a brighter future than many a Vancouver band, and I, for one, hope that Go Four 3 won't need their six friends for some time to come.

Now, when are they going to commit to vinyl their covers of Nazareth's *This Flight Tonight* and Sweet's *Ballroom Blitz*? And where's that all-expense paid trip to the Bahamas that the band promised me? I'm waiting.

Iain Bowman

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A Stream of Vitriolic Contempt



by Mark Mushet

GIVEN THAT THERE ARE ONLY SO many column inches to devote to vinyl verdicts, and considering the number of obscure releases receiving little or no attention in the "alternative" press, the editorial junta here at *Discorder* has decided, in their infinite wisdom, to bless me with my very own monthly column with which to inform our dear readers of a plethora of sadly neglected though readily available contemporary music recordings and bombard them with truly exhausting run-on sentences and reactionary anti-janglyguitar diatribe. It will occasionally touch on relevant video and film news as well as inciting a healthy exchange of views and information in the letters column of *Discorder* (it would certainly be better than the pathetic yammerings of illiterate ignorami we've been publishing in *Airhead* lately). And so...

In the last six months, **The Hafler Trio** have released no less than four records of their sonic experiments via three different labels. *Seven Hours Sleep*, a double 12" 45 on Belgium's LAYLAH label, came out late Summer and was reviewed in these pages a couple of months back. Then came *Three Ways of Saying Two*, a tedious document of a series of poorly recorded and irritating "lectures", pseudo-academic dissertations conducted by the Trio in Holland at the beginning of 1986. The LP came out on Charm Records and the enclosed booklet gives away the joke to

those who don't appreciate their dry though deliberate sense of humour. Not recommended. The two more recent Hafler Trio discs, on the other hand, are definitely a worthwhile investigation for those who've not heard *Seven Hours Sleep* or their earlier works of equal quality. Both are released by the London based Touch label. The first is a 10" e.p. entitled *The Sea Org*. It is best described as an accessible introduction to the analog sound experiments that the group so often presents in an all too serious light. To a trained ear, the sound sources are quite obvious and are mostly analog in origin or manipulation. Nonetheless, The Hafler Trio, with founder member and Cabaret Voltaire expatriate Chris Watson no doubt having a heavy hand in the proceedings, manage to keep the interest level very high. There is even a booklet of *Sonic Paintings*, by Trio member Dr. Edward Molenbeek, though the merits of this form would require an essay in itself. As far as the record goes, things change quickly and without warning. Common-place sounds, when recontextualized in this manner, never cease to amaze in their surprising richness of colour and texture. This is further exemplified by the most recent addition to the Trio's catalogue, a 12" 45 called *Brain Song* that is also released on Touch. It is a limited edition of 1000 and was apparently put together for a Camden Arts Exhibition called *Interaction* which took place last month. While the disc includes a version of the lovely *Blanket Level Approach* (having originally appeared on the LAYLAH compilation album *The Fight Is On*), *Brain Song* is a little more "difficult" than previous work. It is comparatively dissonant and involves an offset sense of tun-

ing that has a similar effect not unlike Paul Dolden's *Veils*, though strictly on a superficial, direct level. Prolific and consistent.

Canadian trumpeter **Jon Hassell** has another lush and beautiful album out on ECM Germany entitled *Power Spot*. His exotic "Fourth World" sound is virtually formulaic these days but it is always mesmerizing. *Power Spot* involves more musicians than on past projects and the overall sound possesses a much denser and more conventional rhythmic base. Produced by Eno and Daniel Lanois, and featuring Michael Brook, this LP is predictably gorgeous and a must for fans and an excellent introduction for newcomers.

Speaking of **Eno**, his *Thursday Afternoon* video has just recently become available for rent at Videomatica. While his ambient music obsession is far beyond a joke, he is still able to seduce a viewer with video. Incorrectly described as a video painting, *Thursday Afternoon* is a collection of several short segments showing a woman in several states of recline, relaxation, and obscure sensual abandon, sometimes partially submerged in water. All footage is given the slowscan treatment and some pieces use some very decorative video mattes producing a layered effect. The extreme slow motion tends to emphasize the grace of subtle physical movement. Even smoking a cigarette becomes something more than inhaling the smoke from a burning weed through a paper tube. And all this is set to a typical Enoesque brand of aural wallpaper.

That is all. See you next month with something different to dissect. Fast Forward is heard every Sunday night from 9pm to 12am. Don't forget to write. ☆

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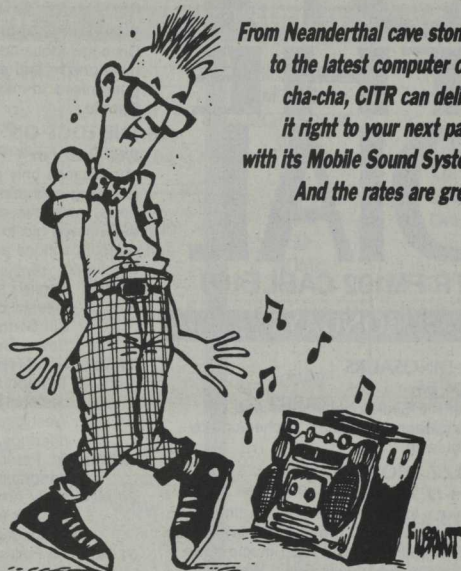
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MONDAYS

MORE DINOSAURS

8:00-9:00 pm

Songs of the Sixties behemoths and the teenage garage triceratops. Archeology by Marc Coullavin.

THE JAZZ SHOW

9:00 pm-12:30 am

Vancouver's longest-running prime time Jazz program, featuring all the classic players, the occasional interview, and local music news. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker.

02 Mar. "Scratch" is the name of pianist Kenny Barron's best recording to date. Barron, despite his presence in so many great bands, has been overlooked. This is one of the best Jazz records of the '80s. Barron with Dave Holland (bass) and Daniel Humair (drums).

09 Mar. Alto saxophonist Jackie McLean did some great playing on this date (done in 1966). It wasn't released until 10 years later. Jackie at his driving best walking the fence between bebop and free-form Jazz. McLean with Larry Willis (piano), Don Moore (bass) and the great Jack DeJohnette (drums).

16 Mar. Miles Davis in Stockholm. Recorded in concert just two weeks before John Coltrane was to leave to form his own band. Miles and "Trane" and a great rhythm section playing as they never have on commercial recordings. Plus a recorded interview with John Coltrane. (A Jazz Feature repeat).

23 Mar. A legendary record session done in 1945 by only three people. Lester Young on tenor sax (known as the second messiah of Jazz), the great Nat "King" Cole on piano (before he became a pop singer) and Buddy Rich on drums. An historical masterpiece!

30 Mar. The Modern Jazz Quartet was the only Jazz group to be signed to the Beatle's then-new record label Apple. They did two albums for Apple and "Under The Jasmine Tree" was the best. Hearing this long out-of-print record by one of Jazz's premier groups will be a treat for sore ears.

JUST THERE

12:30 am-4:00 am

Hosted by Al Thurgood.

TUESDAYS

RECTAL RECTITUDE

5:30 pm-8:00 pm

Dislodge those constipated valves—shake it up—tune in and expose yourself to music guaranteed to make you flow. Your host: Renato.

THE EDGE ON FOLK

8:00-9:30 pm

Vancouver's only prime time Folk Show, featuring new releases, classic recordings, news, interviews and mystery guests in a determined bid to smash all those ridiculous pre-conceptions about "Folk" music. March highlights:

03 Mar. English singer Vin Garbutt in a preview of his show with Alberta's Bill Bourne, which takes place at the Savoy, Sunday March 8th.

10 Mar. Rob Menzies, Pipe Major of the Triumph Street Pipe Band, and occasional performer at Spirit Of The West gigs, brings some musical offerings to the studio.

17 Mar. St. Patrick's Day. All-Irish pandemonium!

24 Mar. Holly Arntzen. Her new album, and some interesting insight into one of Vancouver's finest voices.

31 Mar. All Fool's Eve. Slightly silly sounds... The expected visit of The Pogues will probably disrupt this schedule, if not the entire Universe!

TUESDAY WELD

9:30-1:00 am

What the hell are you doing reading this? Grow up. Read something that will get you out of that horrible hole your parents put you in.

WEDNESDAYS

ANOTHER KIND OF WEDNESDAY

7:30 am to 10:30 am

Start your Wednesday mornings with Sidney Killpiggie, as he plays whatever the fuck he wants.

WE BE BOTANISTS

10:30 am-1:00 pm

Join Florists Grant, Dave and Byron as they unearth toxic tunes that will surely decimate all plant life in the Lower Mainland.

NERVOUS NORBERT

1:20 pm-2:30 pm

33s at 45. On-air cue-ups. Mic-fright. And—um, other, um, good, clean, fun things like that. New members try out dee-jaying on the air. Give us a call at 228-3017 and you could be next!

LOUIS LOUIS

2:30 pm-5:00 pm

Jodete y muerete de asco, jopushi. Aupa Toroles! Espungingli, guiri? Danza Invisible rules, O.K.!

THE UNDERWORLD

5:30-8:00 pm

The ultimate in far-out and groovy alternative music from CITR's vast record vault. Anything we consider "ripper," we play. For hipsters and squids. Your hosts: Mikey "Likes It," Caribuncle Kaputnik and the exquisite

Linda Scholten.

11 Mar. Special features on the 'Midnight' label (includes Fuzztones, Plan 9, etc.).

25 Mar. Special feature on Seattle's 'Etiquette' label (includes Sonics, Wailers, Kinetics, etc.).

THE AFRICAN SHOW

8:00-9:30 pm

The latest in modern African dance music plus/minus a few oldie but greats and extras. Your way we come every Wednesday, 8-9:30. Possible special features at 9:00 pm. Information—News as they come at 8:30 pm. Your hosts: Umerah P. Onukwulu and Todd Langmuir. Tune in for a new and exciting twist on music roots, African Children style. Welcome.

ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?

9:30 pm-midnight

CITR's only gourmet cooking show. Travis B. plays soothing, mellow music for nice people and gives hints on appropriate dress and behavior while teaching you how to impress your friends with culinary delights.

THE KNIGHT AFTER

Midnight to 4:00 am

Hosted by Patrick Mokrane.

THURSDAYS

WHAKAWERAWERA THERMAL RESERVE

10:05 am-1:00 pm

Change your socks and change your mind during the sunny W.T.R. extravaganza. C'est tout!

THE JACK CADE SHOW

1:20 pm-3:00 pm

Hosted by Ross Crockford.

PARTY WITH ME, PUNKER!

3:05-5:00 pm

Join Rock Action for cool tunes and special guests and features.

THE VINYL FRONTIER

5:30 pm-8:00 pm

Sonic explorers Mike Mines and Robin Razzell test the outer limits of the Spinlist. Psychedelic. Progressive. New. Beam us in, Scottie!

TOP OF THE BOPS

8:00-9:00 pm

The boogie disease, that great shaking fever, the rockin' pneumonia and the boogie woogie 'flu... and other afflictions: their symptoms and their causes. Rock therapy by Marc Coullavin.

TEENAGE TROPOR

9:00-11:00 pm

Possibly the only show in the western world to be named after a T-shirt. So tune in, lie back, and listen to records being spun by a student who's had to compare and contrast the rise of fascism in pre-WWII Japan with the common uses of Cartesian geometry once too often.

MEL BREWER PRESENTS

11:00 pm-Midnight

Join Pat, Jay and Ian, three people with three letters in their names, for interviews, news, reviews and bugaboos about the local music scene. This month a special 50th issue of *Discorder* retrospective episode. Tune in for details.



FM 102 CABLE 100

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
7:30							
8:00	BREAKFAST REPORT: NEWS, SPORTS, GENERIC REVIEW, INSIGHT					THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE SHOW	
9:00	Johanna Block	Jennifer Chan	ANOTHER KIND OF WEDNESDAY	Matteo Caratozzolo	FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE		MUSIC OF OUR TIME
10:00						BRITS GO HOME	
11:00					TRIBES AND SHADOWS		
12:00	55454797	Dale Sawyer	WE BE BOTANISTS	Ian Mollenhaver	Joanna Graystone		SUNDAY FOCUS
1:00	LUNCH REPORT: BBC NEWS, CITR NEWS, SPORTS					POWER CHORD	THE ROCKERS SHOW
2:00	Julia Steele	Keith Watson	NERVOUS NORBERT	THE JACK CADE SHOW	THE ED.D.J.		
3:00							
4:00	EVERYTHING CONNECTS	Dan Mulligan	LOUIS LOUIS	PARTY WITH ME, PUNKER!	SHOW	CLOCK THE BEAT	MICHAEL WILLMORE'S ROCK TALK
5:00	DINNER REPORT: NEWS, SPORTS, GENERIC REVIEW, INSIGHT, DAILY FEATURE						
6:00	HARSH REALITIES OF THE RANDOM GENERATION	RECTAL RECTITUDE	THE UNDER-WORLD	THE VINYL FRONTIER	CRAPSHOOT	SAT. MAGAZINE	SUNDAY MAG.
7:00					NEOFILE	PROPAGANDA!	SUNDAY FOCUS
8:00	MORE DINOSAURS	THE EDGE ON FOLK	THE AFRICAN SHOW	TOP OF THE BOPS			JUST LIKE WOMEN
9:00						Paul Clarke	
10:00	THE JAZZ SHOW		ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?	TEENAGE TORPOR	THE BIG SHOW		FAST FORWARD
11:00		TUESDAY WELD		MEL BREWER PRESENTS		ACROSS THE MERIDIAN	
12:00							LIFE AFTER BED
1:00							
2:00	JUST THERE	David Minuk	THE KNIGHT AFTER	ANTHRO-POLOGY	THE VISITING PENGUIN SHOW	TUNES 'R' US	FLOYD'S CORNER
3:00							
4:00							

WEEKDAY REPORTS

8:00 BREAKFAST REPORT
10:00 MORNING NEWSBRIEF
1:00 LUNCH REPORT w. BBC NEWS
3:00 AFTERNOON NEWSBRIEF
5:00 DINNER REPORT

SATURDAY REPORTS

Noon BRUNCH REPORT
6:00 SATURDAY MAGAZINE

SUNDAY REPORTS

10:00 VAN. NEW MUSIC CALENDAR
Noon BRUNCH REPORT/SUNDAY FOCUS
6:00 SUNDAY MAGAZINE
6:30 SUNDAY FOCUS/BLUE SOCKS

Off The BOTTOM

by Kevin S.

LOOK WHAT WE'VE found here. Yes, it's the second goddamn installment in the series that began last month, wherein certain hitherto little-known elements of the CTR SpinList beg to be heard from. Just relax and nobody will get seriously injured.

Ok, gimme a beat. So, you're saying, "Kevin, I'm weary of all the same old stuff; just like Iggy Pop, I need more. My existence would have some meaning if only I could hear some music involving a 19-string cello and improvised vocals." Well, lookie here. out on Australia's Hot label: the LP *A Room With a View*, featuring **Shelley Hirsch**, voice, and **Jon Ross**, 19-string cello. Things become even more deliciously strange on the new record *Perfect Worlds*, by Chris Cutler's band **Cassiber**. Out on Cutler's Recommended Records, the disc highlights the working imaginations of Cutler and the other band members, Christopher Anders and Heiner Goebbels. I picked out at least three different languages.

The Glitch Sampler Vol. II features bands from Austin, Texas. Essentially, all the groups are of the rough-and-ready guitar rock type with a little bit of country thrown in here and there. Also in the southern tradition is Ron Levy's **Wild Kingdom**. Ron has played keyboards for the likes of Albert King, B.B. King and Roomful of Blues. Now we've got his own album. Half the tunes feature members of Roomful of Blues and the other half feature Kim Wilson, Jimmie Vaughn, and Fran Christina from the Fabulous Thunderbirds. Out on Demon.

You say you've never heard of Dossier Records. Well, how 'bout artists such as **Controlled Bleeding**, **Chrome**, **Elliott Sharp** and **Minimal Man**? If'n you have or if'n you haven't, here's a chance to sample those mentioned and more on *Dossiers* in the form of previously unreleased material. Certainly some intriguing, adventurous stuff. For an adventure into jazz, **Courtney Pine** is the name and *Journey to the Urge Within* the disc. The 22-year-old British saxophonist has been making a name for himself in the proverbial jazz circles. It's on Island records. One more album. Maybe you thought he was dead or maybe you've never even heard of the man. **Ginger Baker**. Ya, that's right, the drummer from one of the original power trios, Cream, is back. Word is that he played on the last PIL LP, and now he has his own *Horses and Trees* on Celluloid. Listen. ☆

SPINLIST

TOP AIRPLAY ALBUMS

ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
•The Beastie Boys	<i>Licensed To Ill</i>	DEF JAM/CBS
•Los Lobos	<i>By the Light of the Moon</i>	WEA
•Go Four 3	<i>Six Friends</i>	Zulu
•Frightwig	<i>Faster, Frightwig, Kill, Kill</i>	Caroline
•Husker Du	<i>Warehouse</i>	WEA
•Condition	<i>Red Hot & Blue</i>	AMOK
•The The	<i>Infected</i>	CBS
•Various Artists	<i>Fuck Your Dreams This Is Heaven</i>	Crammed
•Shop Assistants	<i>Shop Assistants</i>	Chrysalis
•Firehouse	<i>Ragin' Full-On</i>	SST
•Various Artists	<i>Sounds Of Now</i>	Dionysus
•Love Tractor	<i>This Ain't No Outerspace Ship</i>	Big Time
•Culturcide	<i>Tacky Souvenirs of Pre-Rev...</i>	**
•Shriekback	<i>Big Night Music</i>	Island/MCA
•Chris Spedding	<i>Enemy Within</i>	New Rose
•Holger Czukay	<i>Rome Remains Rome</i>	Virgin
•Jon Hassell	<i>Power Spot</i>	ECM/Polygram
•Golden Palominos	<i>Blast of Silence</i>	Celluloid
•African Head Charge	<i>Off The Beaten Track</i>	On-U Sound
•Julian Cope	<i>World Shut Your Mouth</i>	Island/MCA

TOP AIRPLAY SINGLES

ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
•The Hip Type	<i>Let Me In</i>	Life After Bed
•Front 242	<i>Interception</i>	Netzwerk/Cap.
•Red Lorry Yellow Lorry	<i>Cut Down</i>	Homestead
•Heavy D. & The Boyz	<i>Mr. Big Stuff</i>	MCA (UK)
•E.J. Brule	<i>I Love Laurie</i>	Transmission
•Danielle Dax	<i>Where The Flies Are</i>	Awsome
•DJ Jazzy Jeff & Fresh Prince	<i>Girls Ain't Nothin' But...</i>	Champion
•The Smiths	<i>Ask</i>	WEA
•Current 93	<i>Happy Birthday Pigface Christus</i>	Laylah



ANTHROPOLOGY

Midnight to 3:30 am

Radio waves, broadcast omnidirectionally, leave the Earth at the speed of light. Due to the curvature of space, they will return to the point of origin; far in the future we will rediscover our past. The signal may not be strong but it will still be better than commercial radio. Inserting the needle: Matt Richards.

FRIDAYS

FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE

7:30-10:30 am

Regular features include multi-dimensional profiles of wilderness issues, feminist ideologies, children's culture, and what's happening around Vancouver. Kirby Hill oversees the whole operation.

- 06 Mar.** A mise-en-scene of the 1987 Children's Festival.
13 Mar. What the hell are we going to do about Vander Zalm, anyways?
20 Mar. Rita McNeill Jazz/Blues update, etc.
27 Mar. Art Therapists discuss the creative rituals of Spring (and their techniques).

TRIBES AND SHADOWS

10:30-11:30 am

A program that explores "New Consciousness." Dreams, Myths, Cultures and Rituals all take context, bridging the gap between Dark and Light. Lots of music from other cultures: Asian, African and Indian, plus guest musicians such as Harold Henkel, Randy Raine Reusch and Katari Taiko present new works. This show features the innovative, the eclectic and the stirring diversities inherent in the musical fabric of our world. Hosted by Kirby Scott Hill.

- 06 Mar.** Digital Soundscapes profile.
13 Mar. Heinz Hollinger's new music for oboe.
20 Mar. Takeo Yamashiro live!
27 Mar. Egypt and surprises!

THE ED. D. J. SHOW

1:20 pm-5:00 pm

From 2:00 to 4:00, Dedded spins the playlist, and from 4:00 to 5:00, Dedded and the Can Con Job.

CRAPSHOOT

5:30-6:00 pm

Members of UBC's Progressive Conservative, Liberal and N.D.P. clubs discuss federal political issues. Alternately moderated by Stephen Gold and Betsy Goldberg.

NEOFIE

6:00 pm-9:00 pm

A rundown of the newest, most exciting and insipid releases raked in during the week at C.I.T.R. Join music directors and charismaleptic hosts Don Chow and Kevin Smith for an eclectic musical pig-out, with occasional interviews, live mixes, and peripheral relevance.

THE BIG SHOW

9:00 pm-midnight

- 13 Mar.** Special Presentation:
Saludando a Latinoamerica!
Presentando la noche de la cumbia y salsa con el servicio de Alfredo Chavez.
Enjoy an evening of fresh and funky Latin American music with

spontaneous instrumentation and convivial conversation. Live requests and mucho carino. Robert Shea and guests are there to make it happen.

THE VISITING PENGUIN SHOW

Midnight-4:00 am

Hosted by Paula Rempel and Sheri Walton.

SATURDAYS

THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE SHOW

7:30-10:00 am

AKA: Morning Mayhem.

AKA: Living With The Brain Dead.

BRITS GO HOME

10:00-Noon

Saturday mornings are for a gentle waking process, right? Wrong. In this show get a rude awakening as Steve Edge is turned loose on C.I.T.R.'s entire SPINLIST and dishes up a startling breakfast mix of comedy, music and U.K. soccer reports. Now Brits can go home for two hours every Saturday. Canadians can tune in and see why Brits should have been sent home years ago!

POWER CHORD

12:10 pm-3 pm

Vancouver's only true metal show, featuring the underground alternative to mainstream metal: local demo tapes, imports and other rarities, plus album give-aways.

CLOCK THE BEAT

3:00 pm-6 pm

"Art sunk so low doesn't even deserve reproach."

—P. de Saint-Victor, *La Presse*, 1865

PROPAGANDA!

6:30-8:00 pm

An eclectic mix of interviews, reviews, music, humour, High Profiles, and other features

ACROSS THE MERIDIAN

11:00 pm-1:00 am

Remember "Dog's Breakfast?" ...Paul Funk regurgitates that "goulash of aural surprises" for your midnight snack...from ambient to obnoxious, obscure to obvious... Call for your favorite dishes.

TUNES 'R' US

1:00 am-4:00 am

SUNDAYS

MUSIC OF OUR TIME

8:00 am-Noon

Modern 20th Century classical music ranging from the tonal to the avant-garde. Instrumentation in all spheres with commentary on the newest techniques and fashions. With your host Wolfgang Ehebald.

ROCKERS SHOW

12:30 pm-3:00 pm

Reggae, Rock Steady and Ska. At 1:30 to 2:30, Reggae Beat International Hour; news and interviews about Reggae music worldwide. Host: George Barrett.

MICHAEL WILLMORE'S ROCK TALK

3:00-6:00 pm

Authentic Rock 'N' Roll from the 1950s and 1960s featuring many collectors' items and rock rarities you'd never hear anywhere else.

JUST LIKE WOMEN

6:30-9:00 pm

Tune in for invigorating and stimulating inter-

views, news and music for anyone interested in women's issues or learning more about them.

FAST FORWARD

9:00 pm-midnight

Mark Mushet searches the world over for experimental, minimalist, avant-garde, electronic, and other non-mainstream sounds.

LIFE AFTER BED

Midnight-Until Barry gets out of hand

Trini Lopez, the current L.A.B. wrestling god, joins forces with Frank Sinatra for full bone-crushing, face-raking, tag team action... known collectively as BLUE MEXICO, this month they take on all comers:

- 01 Mar.** Trini and Frank battle JOHNNY THUNDER AND NICK CAVE
08 Mar. Trini and Frank put the grits to IGGY POP AND LOU REED
15 Mar. Trini and Frank ad Flat'ner steam-roller BAUHAUS AND JOY DIVISION
22 Mar. Tournequit Trini and Frank da Rank bulldoze through D.O.A. AND PATTI SMITH
29 Mar. Trini and Frank pull out all the stops against PUBLIC IMAGE LTD. AND X.

FLOYD'S CORNER WITH JEFF G.

2:00 am-3:00 am

Real "cowshit caught in your boots" country.

PROGRAM NOTES

NEWS PROGRAM NOTE

THE BBC NEWS

C.I.T.R. in conjunction with the UBC Amateur Radio Society is proud to present THE BBC NEWS... "The" authoritative voice for world news. This special added feature airs Monday through Friday at 1:00 pm as part of our expanded Lunch Report, which also features national, regional and local news as well as sports and weather.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS PROGRAM NOTES

GREEK WEEKLY REPORT

Friday 5:00 pm Dinner Report

Brothers Pi and Gamma report on the weekly happenings at UBC's fraternities, sororities and phrateraes. Fun times for fun people.

SUNDAY FOCUS

Sunday 2:05 pm (repeated at 6:30 pm)

Sunday Focus features hosts Libbi Davies and Brad Newcombe exploring public affairs issues of interest to University listeners. Also featured is a weekly story by writer Robert Stalmach called Blue Socks.

SUNDAY MAGAZINE

Sunday 6:00 pm

Join hosts Colin Lloyd and Stefan Ellis for this half-hour news magazine which includes commentary, reviews and a weekend wrap-up of sports events and scores.

SPORTS PROGRAM NOTES

No sports broadcasts are scheduled for March. Yet, do not fear, sport fans, as play-offs are pending in both men's basketball and hockey. Stay tuned.

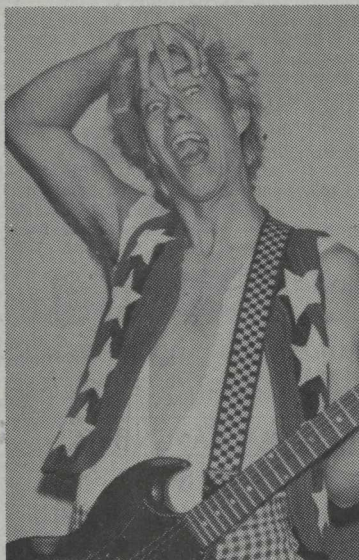
ORNOTOLOGY SHOW

Wednesday 5:00 pm Dinner Report

Join C.I.T.R.'s famous sports personality—Alastair Sutherland—and his guests for live in-studio interviews with all those Thunderbird celebrities you know and appreciate.

Local Motion

by Janis McKenzie



Groovaholic but not forgotten

THIS MONTH IT'S good-bye to **The Groovaholics** and **The Gutter-snipes**, the latter in all probability a victim of those notorious 'musical differences'. As for **The Groovaholics**, rivalled only by **Tartan Haggis** (which has survived a line-up change of two) for general sense of humour and fun sensibili-

ties — who knows what really marks the end of a fuck band's existence? **Kraft Dinner** resurfaced at the Savoy, opening for **Chris Houston** a few weeks ago, playing (among other things) their old demo hit *Dewdney Trunk Road*. (Could the **Flunkees** reappear next?) I just hope that the "Good-bye Groove Party" at Grace-land really was only an *au revoir*, at least until **DOA** has another somewhat lengthy hiatus in town. How can Vancouver survive without a band whose answer to *Shake Your Booty* (and *Sheik Yerbouti*?) is *Shake Your Penis*?

Half of **Lost Durangos'** line-up is brand new — original members Greg and Paul have been joined by fellow North Shore natives Shellene Patience (vocals) and Richard Voisin (bass), and by the time you read this the group should have completed a four-song demo tape for WEA Records.

A Merry Cow has replaced the departing Eric Von Fill-in-the-blank with guitarist Danny Oliver. Before Eric left, the band finished recording five songs at Aragon, including *Bed on the Beach* and *Who Is This Elvis Guy Anyhow?*, which the band is hoping to commit to vinyl some time soon. But in the meantime, those happy bovines aren't letting the grass grow under their hooves — they've been writing a herd of new songs.

This month's demo tape reviews:

Ralph Cameron Johnston — *Atom Beach*. Surf before spring — just what I need, anyway, in the middle of the rainy season. This is a clean-sounding guitar instrumental with bits of James Bond and acid-tinged Ventures-type stuff. What more can I say?

Crash Dummies — *Everyday*. Yes, this is the old Buddy Holly song, electronically mutilated almost beyond recognition. But the deadpan vocals are really funny — a good joke, unless you take dead rock and roll heroes too seriously.

5 On A Date — *Never Fear*. Unlike most of this commercially available (in Victoria) cassette, this song is not fast-paced garage-type original '60s-flavoured punk. In fact, it's uncannily similar to Bauhaus's *Bela Lugosi's Dead*, a song I still feel a certain shameful affection for. *Quasi Moto*, the band's version of *Mr. Moto*, actually got played on "Shake It Up" (a Victoria teen dance show), so they must have some kind of a local following. My only problem with this tape (besides some hiss) is that it's often hard to tell where one song ends and the next begins, which makes it better-suited for home listening than cueing up by deejays. You can order it for \$4 from 624 Raynor Avenue, Victoria, B.C. V9A 3B1.

The Highliners — *Henry the Wasp and Wild Thing*. If you like *The Shuffle Demons* you'll love **The Highliners**, who combine that busking sound and humour with hints (and one clip) of Monty Python and cool-o packaging to make a really fun tape. They're from London (England), where they've played with people like Guana Batz and King Kurt. And if that's not cool enough for you, check out their names: Stretch, Ginger, Dexter, and Fat. And listen to their sexy and Dickies-fast cover of the old Troggs classic. If you want to contact them, write their fan club (send £1.50 and something for postage if you want the cassette) at 41 Tyrell Way, London, England NW9 7QW. ☆

WOMBAT?



SPECIAL EVENTS

March 8 Vin Garbutt & Bill Bourne
 March 16, 17 San Francisco's Clown Alley
 with special Guests
 March 23 & 26 Roots & Reggar at the Savoy!
 March 30 - April 4 Vancouver Independent Showcase
 Featuring over a dozen of
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 FOR SUNDAY SPECIAL EVENTS

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MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
4th FLOOR 2 & THE 4 ONES	3 THE PRIDE	4	5 THE STINGIN' HORNETS	6	7
A MERRY COW 9 & CRYPT KICKER 5	10 WUNDER with Chris Houston	11 BRED	12 JAZZMANIAN DEVILS	13	14
16 FROM SAN FRANCISCO CLOWN ALLEY	17 OVERSOUL 7 18 with guests	19 BOB'S YOUR UNCLE	20 with guests	21	22
23 SMALL AXE	24 ROOTS ROUND-UP	25	26 20th. 27 CENTURY 28 with guests	27	28
30 VANCOUVER INDEPENDANT'S SHOWCASE	31				

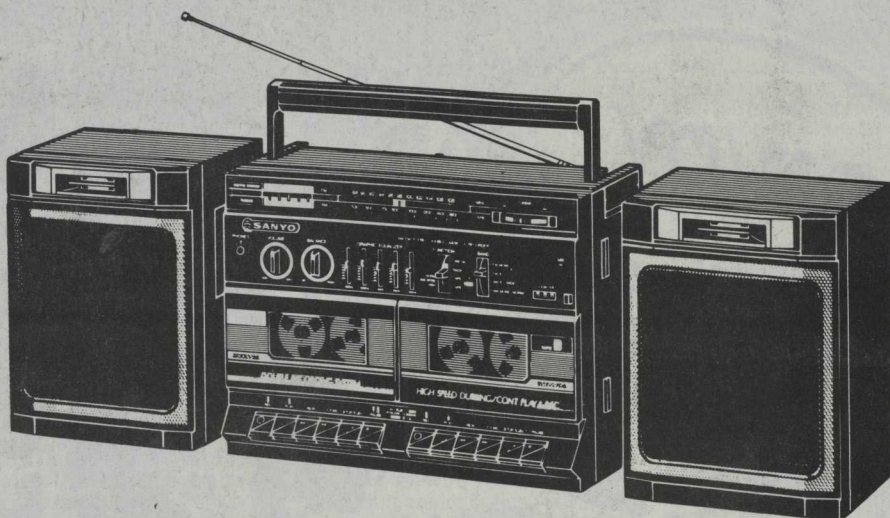
HAPPY HOUR 7:30-9:00 P.M.

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